Saturday Review

MARCH 25, 1961 / 25¢

RECORDINGS

THE MEASURE OF BEECHAM

By Irving Kolodin

CHALLENGE IN LATIN AMERICA

Articles by Salvador de Madariaga and Henry Brandon

Claudia McNeil and Sidney Poitier in "A Raisin in the Sun" (See Movies)

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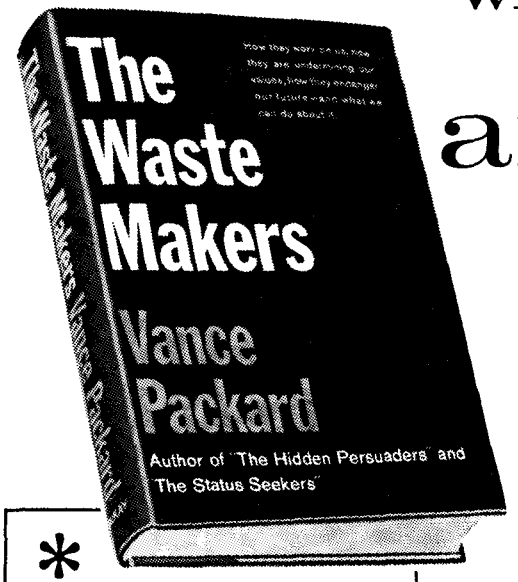

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By any objective standard, it would be hard to find a life more barren of accomplishment than Branwell Bronte's. The only brother of the celebrated sisters, Branwell was a pitiful failure, who died of drink and laudanum at the age of thirty-one. In all, it would seem an unpromising subject for a biographer. So I thought when I picked up Daphne du Maurier's new book, "The Infernal World of Branwell Bronte." I'm happy to report I was utterly wrong.

If his real life was pathetic, the imaginary world of this Byronic Walter Mitty was not. As a child, Branwell was the most creative of the young Brontes. With his sisters, he had built a shadow empire on paper—the mythical Kingdom of Angria, whose heroes and heroines were to reappear in altered form in the famous Bronte novels.

Yet when the sisters grew up and began to write in earnest, Branwell found himself unable to escape from their self-styled "infernal world." Before he died, the bitter knowledge of his own failure was sharpened by his sisters' success.

So much for the surface facts. Miss du Maurier proves they are only a small part of the whole picture, showing how there is good reason to believe that the Bronte sisters might never have achieved fame without the impetus, imagination and collaboration of their ne'er-do-well brother. She shows how Emily, at least, paid her debt in novelist's coin, by putting her brother in "Wuthering Heights"—not as the sodden wreck she knew, but as Branwell saw himself in dreams, as the dynamic, demonic Heathcliff.

L. L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

"The Infernal World of Branwell Bronte" ($4.50) is published by Doubleday & Co., Inc., 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N.Y. Copies may be purchased from your local bookseller or from any of the 30 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at 48 Maryland Plaza, St. Louis 8, Mo.

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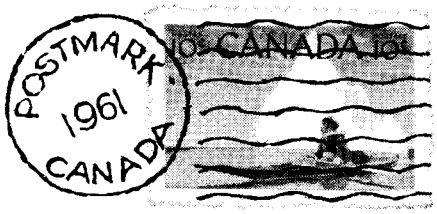
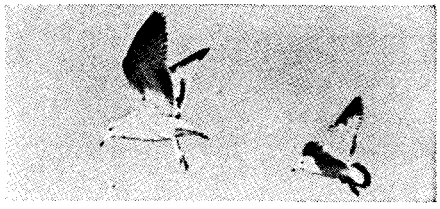


BIRD-WATCHING, ANYONE? We're happy to let you know that Canadian birds do everything but say "cheese" when they see a pair of binoculars . . . and there are sanctuaries and reserves all across the country where they and other intriguing types of wildlife are on stage for visitors. Our Travel and Wildlife Film Service will give you a delightful preview.

The 16-mm films, covering fishing, festivals, birdlife and bronco busting (among dozens of other subjects) are available free from many of your local, county, state and university libraries and from Canadian Consulates General. If you'll drop us a note, we'll send you the complete directory of sources, as well as a listing and description of the films that will bring Canada into your living room . . . and then, we hope, bring you from your living room to Canada.



Even if birds aren't particularly fascinating to you, no doubt you will find a great deal about Canada that is—the Calgary Stampede, for instance, the Gaspé peninsula, the cruises, the peach festival in the Okanagan Valley, Ottawa, Canada's capital, the golf courses. Films about all of these and more will tell you of the pleasures that await you in Canada.

Some things, of course, just can't be filmed—the sense of well-being you feel while you're in a friendly country under bright summer skies and among hospitable people. There's no way to put the flavor of Canadian cuisine on celluloid, and no way to photograph the vitality that surrounds you in this young and vigorous country. Come, experience it for yourself. We'll be happy to help you plan a visit with our Canadian Vacation Package, including the new "Invitation to Canada." Just write The Canadian Government Travel Bureau, Ottawa, Canada.

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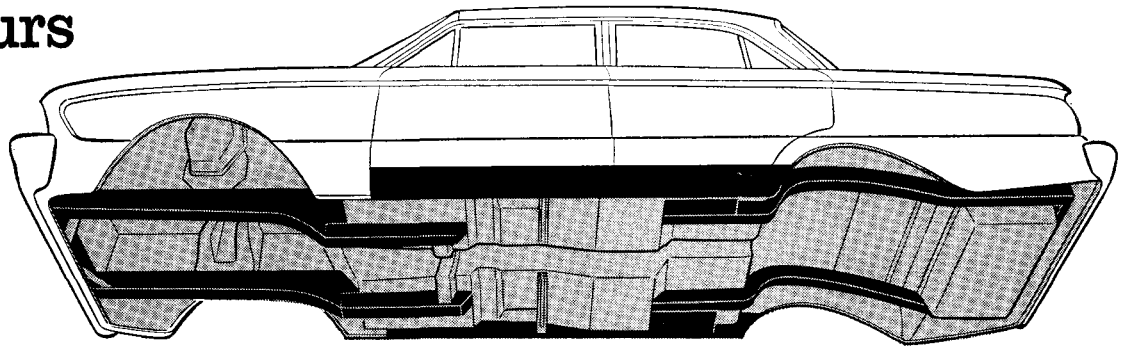

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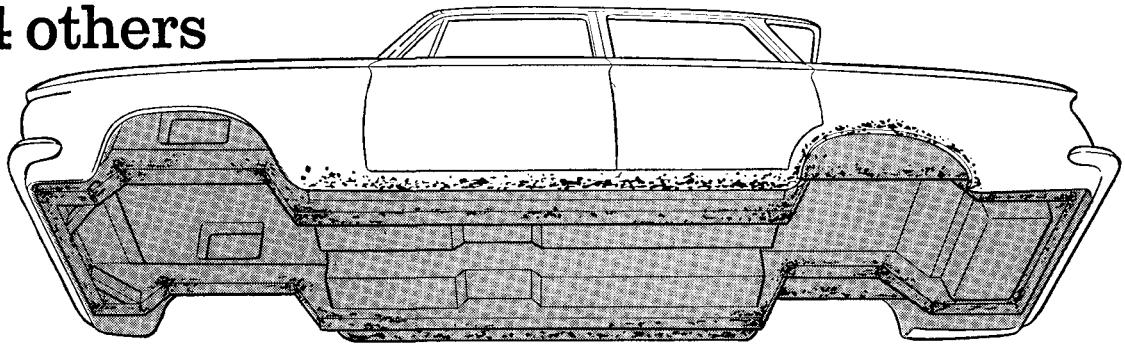

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THE PHOENIX NEST

Edited by Martin Levin

THE STORY OF OTIS

(News Item: Researchers at Michigan State University have discovered that hens are extremely sensitive to any form of discourtesy.)

Pity poor Otis Quackenbush:
His hens refused to lay for him.
This meant, of course, a marked decrease
In what's called take-home pay for him.
But as, irate, he moaned his fate
And started in to curse it, he
Met a friend named Pott, who was something hot
At Michigan University.

"Consider," said Pott, "that every hen,
Young, middle-aged or hoary, 'll
Be terribly hurt if your manner's curt
Or in any way dictatorial.
Why, often in the summer months
When you were feeling dry and hot
I've heard you speak quite crossly when
Conversing with a Wyandotte!

"Your clothes as well, they give an air
Of laissez-faire and messiness,
And if there's one thing hens demand
It's chic and vogue and dressiness.
That coverall you're wearing now:
It's muddy. Do you roll in it?
And worse than that, your old straw hat
Has got, I see, a hole in it.
No wonder that these fowl of yours
Are laying off and packing up.
Your speech and your deportment are
In urgent need of jacking up."

And Otis said "Egad! You're right!"
A new expression lit his eyes.
He had too much sense to take offense.
When a friend saw fit to criticize.
"I see, old bean, just what you mean.
The wounds that gashed my breast have healed.
My ways I'll mend and be a blend
Of Brummel and Lord Chesterfield."

So now when Otis feeds his fowl,
He wears—and very proper, too—
A morning coat, a monocle,
Striped trousers and a topper, too.
His mode of speech, once so abrupt,
He's disciplined until it is
Unlikely to shock a Plymouth Rock
And wound its sensibilities.
He now has kegs of splendid eggs
Of extra special quality,
And everything around the farm
Is joy and peace and jollity.
If ever farmer's heart was in
A constant gentle glow, 'tis his.
It teaches us a lesson, this
Experience of Otis's.

—P. G. WODEHOUSE.

Fowl Manners

• • •

VERY NICE LETTERS

I DON'T know what has got into Americans that they all want to write such hateful letters to editors. Complain, complain is all they do. Never satisfied with anything. Just reading his mail must make the average American newspaper editor feel like kicking his desk, or firing his secretary (a widow with five young children, all in iron lungs), or placing a whole lot of long-distance calls and then going into the men's room to hide until lunchtime.

The English are quite different. They write only nice letters to their editors. They just—well, have a little something pleasant they'd like to say, and so they write. There was, for example, a nice English letter in the *Sunday Times* of London recently, from a man in Nuneham Courtney, Oxford. About all he wanted to say was that "In the Midlands, the common ash does not usually come into leaf until the end of May or the first week of June," and that "about a mile outside Ilminster, on the Exeter turnpike, there is a horse chestnut which I have, for many years, observed to flush its leaves appreciably earlier than is normal for this species."

See how nice that is?

I (a zealous old reformer!) have been hoping that we might take up this happy custom over here, on this side, and to get it started I have sent off a few nice letters to newspaper editors. They might help you catch the idea if you should care to join the movement:

"Sir: Just west of Gramercy Park here in Manhattan is the house where Theodore Roosevelt was born. I walked by yesterday and every shade was

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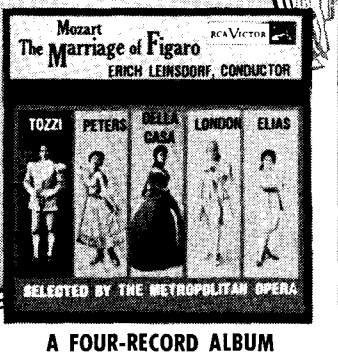

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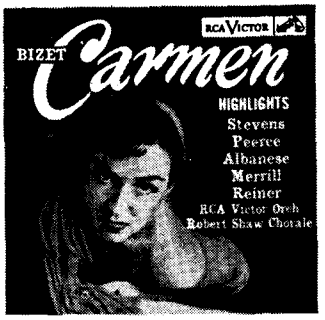

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"Sir: Last Sunday morning something went wrong with the incinerator in our building, fire broke out in the basement, and our elevators were put out of commission. We had to walk up and down all day, which I believe is what Dr. Paul Dudley White thinks we ought to do, anyway. A good crackling two-alarm fire can turn out to be a healthful thing."

"Sir: Our little black cat has a new trick! While we are opening food she goes run-run-run right out of the kitchen, to perch high on the back of a chair, pretending she is not hungry. But the moment her dish is ready she comes scampering back, meowing—oh so eagerly! Then, chances are, she won't eat a blessed thing. We must get her to the vet."

"Sir: Everyone in my home town had a green lawn except the Foileses, next door to my aunt. They had tiny, multicolored daisies growing all through their grass! It was a cheering and unusual sight, I must say."

That's the sort of thing I mean. Is it enough to get you going?

—HAYES B. JACOBS.

• • •

MORNING TIMETABLE

THE giant double-alarm is set on the bedside table and is twenty minutes *fast*. When it erupts, I reach out, turn off the noise, and slam the clock face down. For fifteen minutes I relax on the verge of sleep—or, until the small chime-alarm, set five minutes *slow* and across the room, begins its song. My wife crawls out of bed and quiets the chimes (before they get to sounding like Chinese gongs) and heads for the kitchen.

The bathroom clock is set ten minutes *fast*. This way, I may get to the table a bit ungroomed, but fully clothed.

The kitchen clock is set six minutes *slow*. This allows me plenty of time for a full leisurely breakfast.

The clock in the car is set three minutes *slow*. While the wife drives, I button up all unbuttoned buttons, straighten out my shirt, and strike a part in my hair.

By cutting through Nickel Alley, we save two minutes. And since the "Sunshine Express" is never less than one minute late, we make the station right on time.

From the last car, I wave goodbye. From her slumped position over the wheel, my wife waves back and cracks a brave little smile. I usually smile back.

—CHARLES RUFFING.

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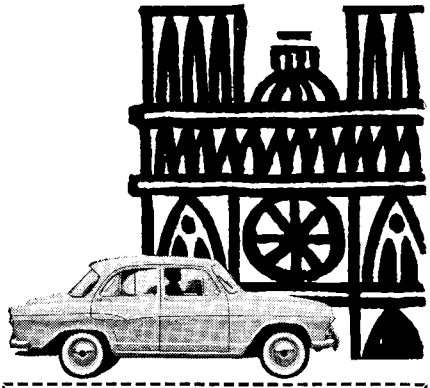

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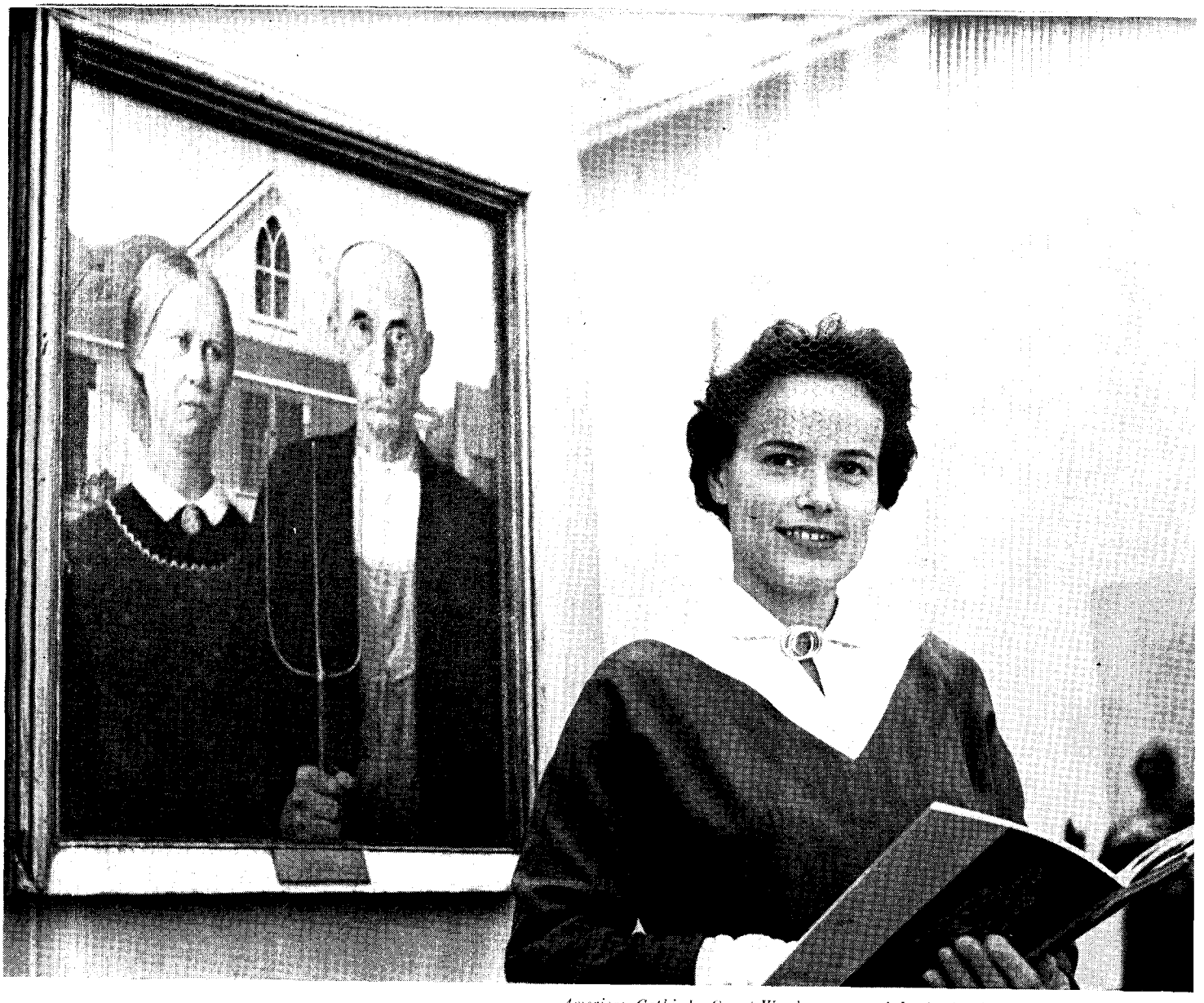

American Gothic by Grant Wood, courtesy of the Art Institute of Chicago

Who changed the picture of the farmer's wife?

The farmer's wife did it herself. Look at the farmer's wife of not so long ago in Grant Wood's famous painting, American Gothic. Now look at the lady standing next to her. Quite a contrast, isn't there? Yet she, too, is a farmer's wife. She is Mrs. Luke Oberwise, Jr. of Harvard, Illinois. And it is she, and 7,000,000 other American farm women who have changed the picture of themselves by changing the life around them.

The standard of living for the average farm wife has risen 85% since 1940. She is no longer chained to the chunk stove—and her hands show it. She is no longer isolated from people and ideas. Her face reflects new interest in the life around her—and around the world. She now finds time to channel her energy into new and better ways to help her family.

Some of these ways are big and important. Concern for her community has drawn 4,000,000 farm wives into farm betterment organizations. Her desire for education has helped increase college enrollment for farm youngsters over 100% in the past twenty years. Her increased interest in art, music and drama has multiplied America's rural cultural activities.

Like your own wife, the farmer's wife also looks for small ways to bring better living to her family. For example, many farm wives have discovered a new way to be thrifty. They have joined the millions of women—shopping for half the families in our cities and on our farms—who save S&H Green Stamps.

The many good things they bring home with their S&H Green Stamps are happy reminders that being thrifty will never be old-fashioned.

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INSIDE NATIONWIDE

Q | *What do these cities have in common?*

Adamsburg, Pa.	High Point, N. C.
Akron, Ohio	Kingston, Pa.
Allentown, Pa.	Lancaster, Pa.
Baltimore, Md.	Levittown, Pa.
Buffalo, N. Y.	Lorain, Ohio
Canton, Ohio	Mansfield, Ohio
Charlotte, N. C.	Norfolk, Va.
Cheektowaga, N. Y.	Philadelphia, Pa.
Chester, Pa.	Reading, Pa.
Cincinnati, Ohio	Rochester, N. Y.
Cleveland, Ohio	Souderton, Pa.
Columbus, Ohio	Takoma Park, Md.
Conshohocken, Pa.	Thorndale, Pa.
Cranston, R. I.	Toledo, Ohio
Dayton, Ohio	Warren, Ohio
Doylestown, Pa.	West Chester, Pa.
Erie, Pa.	Wilmington, Del.
Greensboro, N. C.	Winston-Salem, N. C.
Harrisburg, Pa.	York, Pa.
Youngstown, Ohio	

A | *Nationwide Drive-in Claims Service**

WE THINK our drive-in claims service is the best claims service in the country (perhaps in the world). If a Nationwide auto policyholder in any of these cities has an accident he simply calls his agent and arranges for the damage to be inspected at the drive-in station. Takes only a few minutes, sometimes, between accident and claim payment.

We plan to open several more drive-in stations this year, and maybe one will be in your city. If not, though, you'd still have mighty good claims service available if you were a Nationwide policyholder. Maybe not payment in minutes, but a remarkable percentage of our claims are paid within 24 hours.

Chances are your nearest Nationwide agent is listed in the Yellow Pages.

* We realize some people may be disappointed in this answer, feeling that we've taken advantage of their natural human curiosity and love of games to communicate a crass commercial message. For these unfortunates, we have an alternate A to the Q: All the cities listed start with letters other than F, I, J, O, Q, U, V, X, or Z.

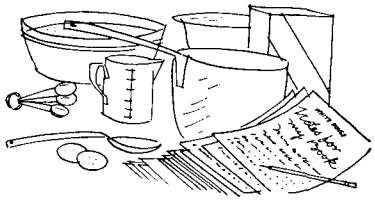
Nationwide/Mutual Insurance Co., Life Insurance Co., Mutual Fire Insurance Co. Home Office; Columbus, O.

NATIONWIDE

America's most progressive insurance organization

TRADE Winds

HEY, WAIT a minute. What's this about the cooks, butlers, and maids at the White House having to sign pledges that they won't write their reminiscences when they leave the service? What's the point of working for (or being) a President if you can't keep notes and then go see a publisher when it's all over? There have been dozens of books by the help from behind the



scenes, and I'd hate to think we were going to do without the personal glimpses of the people who run our country.

I notice that the pledge (at this writing) was restricted to the servants. I have a funny feeling that Pierre Salinger, as well as 99 per cent of all the eager young people now on the move in Washington, have already accumulated enough material for a couple of chapters of their memoirs. This Administration is loaded with those who not only read books, but write. From the top down. Why, the President himself batted out a piece for *Sports Illustrated*. Brother Bobby has just done the General Electric detective yarn for *Life*, and I believe the First Lady revealed a lot of stuff in the *Ladies' Home Journal*. Stevenson, Bowles, Gavin, Ribicoff —and many more—have already had their names on articles here and there.

Now, I wouldn't want to hurt anyone's feelings, but if pledges are going to be signed, how about letting the diplomats, generals, and executives sign the pledges and the cooks, butlers, and maids write the stories?

TO TELL THE TRUTH, one of the maids agrees with me. She is Lillian Rogers Parks, who has just had published "My Thirty Years Backstairs at the White House" (Fleet).

"I don't think they should draw the line," she told me in her slow Virginia drawl. "The pledge should apply to no one or to all."

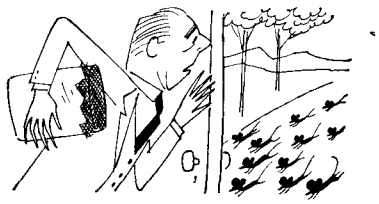
If the President is allowed to do a book, she believes, then so should the bus boy.

Her book (written with the help of Frances Leighton) is a good case for letting the servants have their way. Mrs. Parks and her mother before her ran up fifty years of service in the White House. Like all good memoir-keepers, Mama wrote each night in longhand on a big yellow pad. She died before doing anything with this material, but she passed it all on to her daughter, who added her own memories to it, and the result is a most fascinating book about the ménage at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue.

I'll admit that I'm reading it backwards. I have gone through the Eisenhowers and am back with delightful trivia such as Margaret Truman's music lessons and her mother's dislike of television. The Roosevelts, Hoovers, and the others are yet to come.

Some critics have tried to show that Mrs. Parks has stuck the needle into the White House inhabitants. She denies it and I agree with her. The fact that Mrs. Eisenhower always took White House linen to Gettysburg because she didn't want to use her own sheets and pillowcases is, to me, a charming one. After all, she turned out lights to keep the electric bill down, and she insisted that the kitchen make use of leftovers instead of throwing them away. True, her decorating tastes were not so hot (pink is her favorite color), and she annoyed the old-timers by referring to the place as "my" house.

But as far as I'm concerned, Mrs. Parks has revealed the most human qualities about the Presidents and their families, and I am eating it up. That's more than I expect to do with whatever Sherman Adams is preparing for publication. So I say: cooks, butlers and maids, stand up for your rights—keep notes.



THE EDITOR of the *Look* humor department, Gurney Williams, has had on display a mousetrap invented by Charles Pearson, a cartoonist of Hudson, New York. It is a large tin can, the open end of which is covered with wire mesh. Bolted partway inside the can is a conventional mousetrap with its lethal snapper securely wired upright to the mesh.

It is physically impossible for any mouse to enter this trap, and even more impossible that the immobilized snapper could pose any threat to man or beast. For two years now, this contraption has

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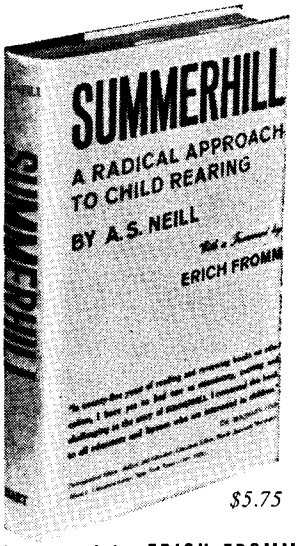
IF YOU HAVE A CHILD—

this is the most important book you will ever read!



$5.75

Foreword by **ERICH FROMM**

THE UNIQUE book described on this page may alter your entire life and affect forever the happiness of yourself and your children. When you read SUMMERHILL: *A Radical Approach to Child Rearing,* you may get the shock of your life — for this meaningful book will challenge your most cherished beliefs about how to bring up a child!

Here is the fascinating story of Summerhill, a school in England which has been in operation for forty years—perhaps the most revolutionary school in the world — *a school where children don't even attend classes unless they want to!* Yet this school produces youngsters whose academic achievement is high, and whose emotional stability is unparalleled!

A. S. Neill, Summerhill's headmaster, bluntly declares that most parents make a mess of the job of raising children. What's more, he says, our accepted ways of discipline — our traditional ideas about respect — our taken-for-granted notions about how to teach morals — are positively evil. As a result, we often produce children who are a trial to their parents, a trial to their teachers and even a trial to themselves—and who in later life throng the offices of psychiatrists.

Every parent knows the child who whines, who resentfully breaks things, who nags, who becomes painfully bored, and who has overpowering spells of unhappiness. As a parent, you are often at a loss to know whether you're too easy with your child or too hard. In despair, you wonder what is wrong with the way you handle him. Perhaps you seek counsel; but despite the talk, despite the worry, you seldom find the answer which yields an effective change.

A better way . . .

Is there a better way to rear and educate children? Yes, says Mr. Neill, the way it's done at Summerhill! Here is a school which turns out genuinely contented and productive youngsters. These boys and girls do *not* make the impossible demands on their parents that other children do. Brought up in an atmosphere of love and approval — without adult pressure — Summerhill's *self*-disciplined children grow up to be a joy to their parents and a lasting joy to themselves.

Don't misunderstand. Neill does not advocate that we permit our children to run all over us. He is positively wrathful against parents who permit children to rule the roost, to wantonly interrupt adult conversation, to stalk into the living room and turn on the television set regardless of whether that annoys others present. He doesn't believe that we should coddle our children so that they dominate their parents and others around them.

He is, however, a firm believer in freedom for the child — *freedom without license* — and makes no bones about the unconscious tyranny of parents, which most of us are woefully unaware of.

Summerhill's meaning for you . . .

This book may well make you angry, but it will also make you *think.* It will smash many of your established beliefs about child rearing, but it will replace them with positive, constructive ideas. SUMMERHILL will demand of you a searching re-examination of your role as parent, but it will reward you with new insights.

Above all, this penetrating book will help you forge enduring bonds of love between you and your child. Respect will follow — *real* respect — not veneer respect — not the obedience which comes from fear. SUMMERHILL will help you eliminate those harrowing parent-child conflicts, with all the heartaches they cause. And this great book will help you make your home a happy, serene place for raising children who will, one day, be truly free and mature adults.

Not in many years has any book won such enthusiastic acclaim from educators and professionals.

***Here is what some leading educators and authors say about* SUMMERHILL:**

BENJAMIN FINE *(Education Editor, North Amer. Newspaper Alliance; formerly Education Editor, The New York Times; Pulitzer Prize-winning author)*

"In 25 years of reading and reviewing books on education, I have yet to find one as stimulating, exciting and challenging as the story of SUMMERHILL. Every one of its pages is filled with delightful warmth and encouragement."

ASHLEY MONTAGU *(Anthropologist and Social Biologist; author and educator)*

"Anyone who is in any way concerned with the education of children should make this book required reading."

STUART CHASE *(Author of numerous books and articles on economic and social affairs)*

"The book will, I think, stir up an argument in any intelligent family interested in education, and I hope it is widely read."

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES *(Pastor Emeritus, Community Church of N.Y.; Chairman of the Board, American Civil Liberties Union)*

"His is a great experiment, and I believe in experiments."

DWIGHT MACDONALD *(Staff Editor for The New Yorker Magazine)*

"One reads it with the irritation, excitement, and finally sympathy, that any original idea always provokes. The trouble is that one can't help thinking that Mr. Neill is right."

HENRY MILLER *(Author of "Tropic of Cancer," "The Cosmological Eye," and numerous other books)*

"I know of no educator in the Western world who can compare with A. S. Neill. It seems to me that he stands alone. SUMMERHILL is a tiny ray of light in a world of darkness. Its aim is to create happy, contented people, not cultural misfits dedicated to war, insanity and canned knowledge."

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A. S. NEILL, *headmaster of Summerhill, speaks on parents, children, and the education of both. Here are a few passages from the text of* SUMMERHILL:

"If your child lies, either he is afraid of you or he is copying you. Lying parents will have lying children. If you want the truth from him, do not lie to him."

"A cynical or a spiteful parental tongue can do untold damage to a child. We all know fathers who sneer at their sons. *Butterfingers, you can't do a thing without bungling it.* Such men likewise show their hatred of their wives by constant criticism. And there are wives who rule husbands and children through brow-beating and streams of abuse."

"Girls who were spanked by their mothers grow into spankers themselves. An excellent illustration is the game in which children play school. Teacher whacks all the time."

"The future of Summerhill itself may be of little import. But the future of the Summerhill idea is of the greatest importance to humanity. New generations must be given the chance to grow in freedom. The bestowal of freedom is the bestowal of love. And only love can save the world."

The publishers of SUMMERHILL *are so sure that this book will enrich your life and help your child that they are willing to send it to you for 10 days' free reading. If you don't agree that this is the most challenging, fascinating and helpful book you have read in years, simply return it and owe nothing.*

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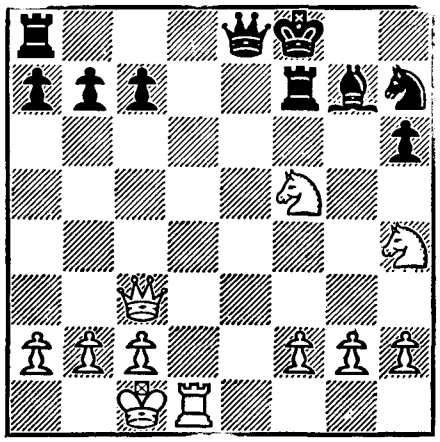

White Mates in 3

Solve This Problem

In this position from an actual game, White checkmated in three moves. Try your skill. If you can do it, mail us your solution. The first ten correct entries (by postmark) win a beautifully bound CHESS REVIEW Annual. This limited edition contains hundreds of annotated master games, problems and informative articles. All other correct entries win a copy of CHESS REVIEW, the picture chess magazine.

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CHESS REVIEW

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done no harm to any creature. The test is completed.

"This is a better mousetrap," Pearson says, "from the mouse's point of view."

Williams adds that it is a certainty that mice will beat a path to the inventor's door.

THOSE OF US who, at a flood tide and with the wind right, have had the ocean come even with our front door, may wonder at the business Hugh J. Marley of Absecon, New Jersey, is engaged in. He is selling sea water to folks in Philadelphia at $1.25 per gallon.

Marley recently heard some experts say that sea water was good for you. He placed some ads and got a lot of customers. Here's the unusual part of it: you *take* the sea water. I mean, you drink two teaspoons of it each day. Sea water has forty-four valuable chemical elements, all in solution and ready for your system to make use of them. That's the Marley Theory, anyway, and business is so good that he is planning to start making Instant Sea Water.

Marley goes out into the ocean somewhere and fills stainless steel containers with water, after filtering the sand out. Then he trucks it to the city. But he is going to boil the water down to brine, so that one gallon equals ten of plain ocean. He will ship it all over the country. You just add water and stir. There's forty-four beans in every cup.

JOHN STEINBECK'S new novel, "The Winter of Our Discontent," will be published by Viking in June. But *McCall's* is running it in four issues starting in April. And the *Reader's Digest* book club will boil it down to the best 30,000 words for the July issue, which comes out around publication date.

That means about 10,000,000 readers will have read the book without buying a copy. Others can wait for what Viking describes as "other possible book club sales and future cheap edition sales." Sounds like a summer of discontent for the good old corner bookstore.

ALL I CAN DO is reproduce this letter verbatim, to show you what kind of helpful, loyal readers I have:

"Many thanks for TRADE WINDS, which I always find informative and entertaining. Especially, I like the puns which are dispersed here and there. My friends consider me a notorious punster because of the frequent word associations that I make.

"For example, take the case of the fruit tree farmer who was determined to grow a prize crop, kumquat may. Perhaps you now agree with my friends. Oh, well, I had better rush this letter off to you so that it may arrive in the nicotine. Abyssinia.—Thomas A. Dunn."

SO MANY HAVE added to David Slavitt's list of rearranged titles and authors that it will take years to report on all of them. First I want to add some more created by the originator of this time-killer:

"Dead End," By Edith Sitwell.

"Huckleberry Finn," by Brendan Gill.

"Home from the Hill," by Evan Hunter.

"The Sea Around Us," by Paul Pickrel.

"Kidnapped," by John Crowe Ransom.

"Mrs. Miniver," by John Cheever.

IDDZIES: Celebrations of note. National Peanut Week was March 5-11. I hope you did your part. March 19 was the start of National Rice Week as well as National Television Servicemen's Week. Get ready for April, which is not only Natonal Rug Cleaning Month but Ladder Month, too.

► Anyone with the slightest interest in books and publishing must read "The Last Trial of Lady Chatterley" in the April *Esquire*. Written by Sybille Bedford, the novelist, it is an account of the Crown *vs.* Penguin Books trial last fall in London. It's as exciting a trial story as I've ever read. As you know, it *was* a criminal charge being made against the publisher, so there was a bewigged judge, a thundering prosecution, and famous witnesses — E. M. Forster, Rebecca West, Stephen Potter, for example.

► Sign in the window of a lower East Side butcher shop: "This is the store of Max the Knife."

► Sign near a school in Geary County, Kansas: "Please Drive Carefully. Don't run over the children. Wait for the teacher."

—JEROME BEATTY, JR.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1408)

KEITH WHEELER:

PEACEABLE LANE

"But with all the dishwashers and automatic washers and driers and vacuum cleaners and rotisseries and deep freezes and frozen food and instant food and six-month floor waxes, I know I wash and iron and cook and clean and pick-up-after as time without end as she did."

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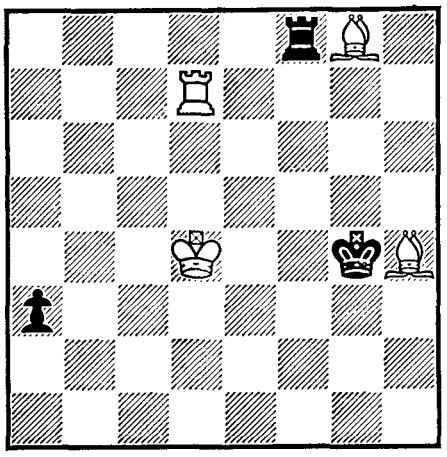
Chess Corner No. 49

THIS week we present an exercise in problem-solving, in which white is to play and win.



A glance at the position discloses that White is ahead two Bishops for a Pawn. If he can manage to hold both, he will experience little difficulty in winning. But both are *en prise*, and it appears that one must fall. Hence—

1 R-Q8 . . . .

Momentarily, this move holds both Bishops. For Black dare not exchange Rooks.

1 . . . . P-R7

Black's only hope. If 1 . . . R-B5ch 2 K-K3. White tags on to the Rook and prevents the capture of his loose Bishop.

2 BxP R-B5ch

Now the check is correct. For Black will find a way to keep both Bishops under observation.

3 K-K3 R-R5

Both Bishops are attacked.

4 B-QN3 . . . .

Forced. Otherwise a Bishop will fall.

4 . . . . R-N5

Once again it appears that a Bishop must fall. Note that 4 . . . . R-R6 will not do because of 5 R-Q4ch, followed by R-N4, defending both Bishops.

After reaching this position, the woodpusher will admit that he is on the wrong track and throw up his hands. The chess master, on the other hand, will experiment with attempting to win with Rook and Bishop *vs.* Rook. There are exceptional positions where this can be accomplished, though this is not one of them. But the problemist who knows themes will be in his element. First—

5 R-Q4ch! . . . .

The uncertain point. This is astounding. For, after the exchange of Rooks, it appears that White will lose a Bishop and be unable to win with the remaining force.

5 . . . . RxR

6 B-K7!! . . . .

This move, technically called a *zwischenzug* (an in-between move and totally unexpected), completes the theme of domination. White must win Black's Rook.

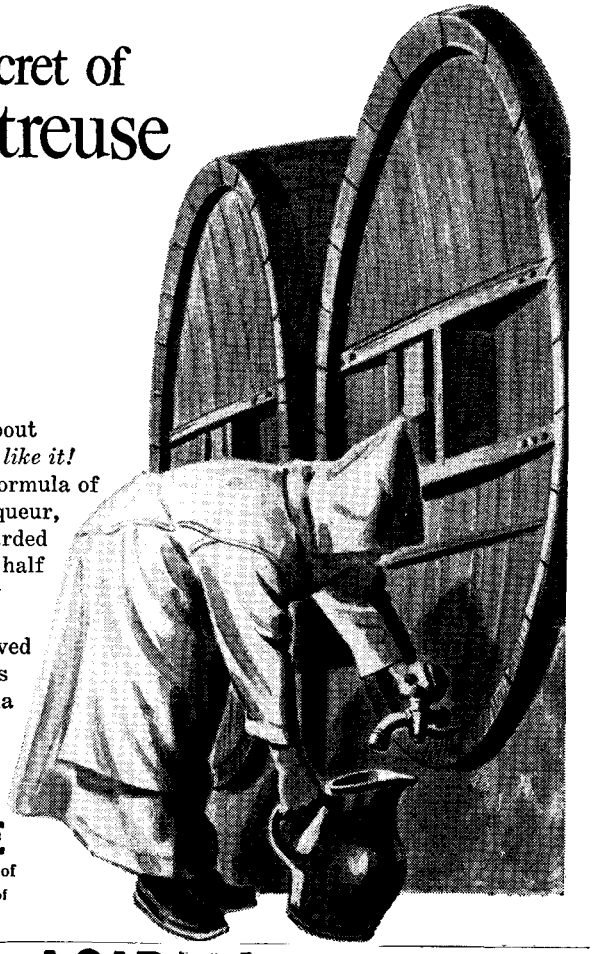
6 . . . . R-KB5

7 B-K6ch K-N6

8 B-Q6 Resigns

—AL HOROWITZ.

the secret of Chartreuse



The only thing known about Chartreuse is that *you'll like it!* The rest, the top secret formula of this rare, after-dinner liqueur, has remained closely guarded for well over three and a half centuries at a Monastery high in the French Alps. Chartreuse is superb served straight or over ice—does delicious things to vanilla ice cream or fresh or frozen fruit.

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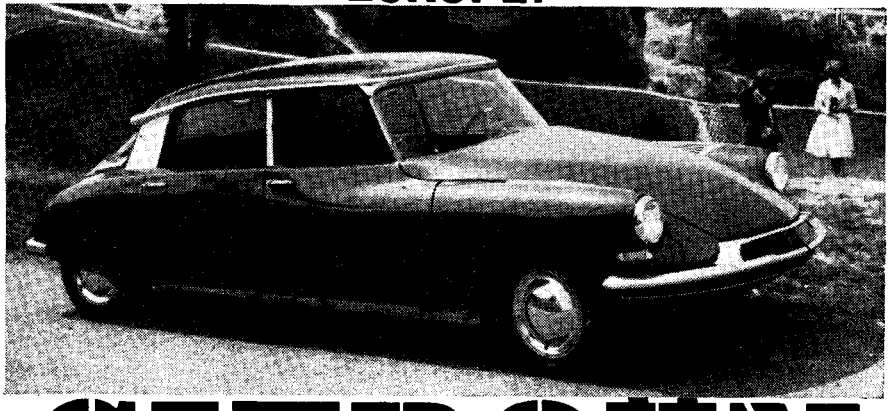

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Saturday Review
MARCH 25, 1961

CHALLENGE IN LATIN AMERICA

Latin America's political and social ferment, which within a relatively brief span of time has given birth to the Castro revolution, to recurrent anti-U.S. demonstrations, and to an apparently growing affection for the Soviet Union, has jarred the United States into awareness of two significant facts. The first is that the traditional North American attitude of aloof condescension toward Latin America has become a dangerous anachronism. The second is that if this attitude is to be changed, the change must be based on full and accurate information about what is happening in Latin America—and such information is alarmingly scarce. These aspects of our relationship with Latin America are discussed here in a special two-part report. Starting below, Salvador de Madariaga, the distinguished Spanish diplomat and author, explores Latin America's current political climate and comments on two new books about the area. Beginning on the opposite page, Henry Brandon, U. S. correspondent for the Sunday Times of London and the author of "As We Are" (see page 23), offers some observations on the scope and quality of the press coverage of Latin America.

1. Peoples and Politics

By SALVADOR de MADARIAGA

FOR A PERSON alive to the dangerous state of world affairs, and therefore to the importance of preserving friendship and respect for the USA, a trip through Latin America is a strange experience. Wherever he goes he will be struck by a widespread and intense anti-American feeling, particularly among students and professors as well as the professional classes. It seems to me that the international situation is the very worst for such a situation to develop at the very doorstep of the United States; for we are witnessing a great movement toward political liberty and national independence on two other continents in circumstances which by no stretch of imagination can be said to contribute to a stable order. At such a time, the world can ill afford to set a third continent in turmoil.

We are everywhere seeing the forms of liberal democracy jeopardized. It is being twisted and tortured by foreign oppression in Communist-dominated countries, as in Eastern Europe, or by a home-grown form of oppression, as in Yugoslavia or in Spain; it is being exposed to the hazards of inexperience and of a more vigorous than intelligent nationalism, as in a number of newborn Asian and African nations. Disorder and confusion are the inevitable dust clouds in the wake of such agitated events. And disorder and confusion are as favorable to Communism as they are injurious to liberal democracy.

The affairs of men are ruled by a kind of law of sociological gravity that forces them to fall toward chaos if not held at a certain level of order by an intelligent hand. This intelligent hand is what we call government. It is plain that in a number of cases too high for the peace of mind of the world the hand that keeps the affairs of men from falling into chaos is neither strong nor intelligent enough to fulfil its task. It follows that in wide areas of the world, circumstances are being created that favor Communism, since Communism thrives on disorder and confusion while liberal democracy requires calm and the rule of the law.

SUCH being the general picture, we must look on the considerable progress made by Communism in Latin America as a serious threat to our civilization, particularly as such progress is observable mostly among the intellectual classes. In the United States, one gathers the impression that the intellectual is an oddity, a freak, at times a joke. His opinions are heard with polite deference and soon forgotten. As for his chances of a political career, they simply do not exist. A flavor of intellectuality has barred Adlai Stevenson from access to the White House, and one wonders whether Mr. Kennedy's success may not be due to the keen intelligence he devoted to hide his intellectuality (I am not saying "his intelligence") from his suspicious voters. The situation may be evolving. To be a Harvard professor is no longer a disqualification for becoming a member of the Presidential Cabinet; but to have published a book of poems might still be so.

In Latin America, however, a man may be writing poetry on Friday and become President or Minister of Foreign Affairs the following Sunday. Nor should one suppose that this phenomenon is limited to that form of power which derives from actual political functions. It cannot be doubted, for instance, that the high reputation which Pablo Neruda enjoys as a poet considerably enhances his power over Chilean public opinion as a Communist leader.

No more grievous mistake could therefore be made by the public opinion of the United States than to shrug its shoulders at the pro-Soviet and anti-American wave that is sweeping intellectual circles in Latin America. From the ranks of these pink professors, poets, doctors, and lawyers, the men will be recruited who will actually govern

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Latin America not merely ten years hence, but maybe next year, maybe next month. The issue is immediate and urgent; and we must waste no time in facing it.

Two recently published books are relevant to what I am saying. One is entitled "**The Struggle for Democracy in Latin America**" (Macmillan, $4.50, 215 pp.), and is written by Charles Q. Porter and Robert J. Alexander, two names every well-informed Latin American has learned to trust and respect. The other, "**Social Change in Latin America Today: Its Implications for United States Policy**" (Harper, $5, 345 pp.) is a collection of six essays by as many distinguished American anthropologists. Each of these books is excellent within its field and scope. Both are examples of the best qualities one expects of serious American works: the bivalent knowledge, both of books and of men; the earnestness of purpose; the objective, scientific outlook; the discipline in utterance; the balance in judgment; the cautiousness in estimating present trends and future developments.

They fortunately differ in their approaches. The Porter-Alexander book is mainly political; the other mainly sociological and anthropological. The conclusions reached by both concerning American policy are, however, practically identical. There has been for years in Washington a regrettable lack of realization of the fundamentals of the situation south of the Mexican frontier.

The two chief failings of American policy, both books tell us, and rightly so, are too much subservience to American private—as distinct from public—interests, and an undeniable tendency to back dictatorships. Much more might perhaps be said on this score, but we should be grateful to the authors of these two books for having said as much. The eleventh hour is striking and Mr. Kennedy may have to pack into the twelfth much of the good will and intelligence that have been sadly missed for far too long in this field.

Despite the merits of the books, however, one may make a few critical observations. Representative Porter and Professor Alexander may be doing less than justice to the military when they write: "The armed forces [in Latin America] are probably the single, most serious impediment to the development of democracy." They themselves witness to the contrary in relating the fall of dictatorial regimes in Colombia and in Honduras. My own impression is that, in Argentina and Chile at any rate, the armed forces are *today* (and I stress the word) an efficient brake against any totalitarian stampede. I

(*Continued on page* 37)

2. *Tasks for the Press*

By HENRY BRANDON

ON MY recent trip through Latin America a wise Bolivian diplomat said to me: "In our relations with the United States we Latin Americans feel like a neglected mistress and hence we are now on the loose for adventure." But Latin Americans do not only feel neglected by the United States Government; they also complain about the superficial treatment they get in the American press.

Perhaps it is somewhat presumptuous for a British reporter to criticize American press coverage of Latin America. In the first place, British interest in this area began to stir only when Castro injected a heavy dose of "cold war" into the Western Hemisphere. Moreover, there is an important difference between British and American interests in Latin America. Yet a reminder from the sidelines may be useful.

It is, of course, true that the American and, for that matter, the world press have never taken Latin America seriously. The political stories have been full of panache, but they have had little significance. Perón and his Perónism were an exception, at least as long as they represented an extension of Nazi fascism. The fear then that Perónism could spread through Latin America was similar to the fear now engendered by Communist entrenchment in Cuba. But aside from these two stories editors considered Latin America either something of a comic opera stage or something only the United States needed to worry about—a sort of United States colonial territory, too remote from the international power struggle to be seriously concerned with.

Central America is still more a world for Ian Fleming's James Bond, though the sex ingredient is lacking, or for Agatha Christie, even though surprisingly few corpses are lying around, than for a political reporter. But even these things are changing. It is still easy to stage a revolution in San Salvador or in Honduras, but it is becoming increasingly difficult elsewhere. In San Salvador not long ago the so-called leading fourteen families decided to get rid of the previous regime because they did not trust it, and succeeded in doing so. But San Salvador is one of the last feudal remnants to be found in this region.

THE cold war is now rampant in all Latin America and it has begun to attract world attention. Some Latin Americans said to me sardonically that

"Shave it off! I'm changing my whole philosophy of life!"

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the one good thing about Castro's revolution is that it has made the world aware of the profound changes that are going on throughout this hemisphere and that it may have happened in time to prevent further, more serious setbacks. There are not only the growing clamors for social and economic reform, but there is also an interesting new groping for the tools of democracy, and more determined efforts to organize parties with some political meaning, along with a greater tolerance toward opposition groups. The distinction between the Communist and the non-Communist left is now being made in Venezuela not only by foreign observers, but also by local big business and the local leading families. Such discrimination in other Latin American countries is too often ignored; at times, admittedly, it is still difficult to make the distinction. But it will become increasingly important as politics veers more to the left, for it helps to broaden rather than to weaken the defenses against Communism.

I AM trying to make these points in order to show that affairs in Latin America are becoming more interesting, more significant, more subtle, and that they therefore deserve more attention, more space, and the eyes of trained foreign correspondents. The so-called stringers, usually reporters on a local newspaper, are too exposed to local political pressures and hence are not as free in what they would like to say as staff correspondents.

Futhermore, I believe that the American foreign correspondent, thanks to the influence the American press exerts on the United States Government, can affect American policy. The American foreign correspondent is an indefatigable digger for facts, a prodigious news and information gatherer. He has many more opportunities to talk to people than an ambassador, and in a sense he is a more disinterested person than the diplomat. Ambassadors who know that the country they are accredited to will remain unreported in the American press, may be tempted to cut corners in their own reporting or find it convenient to interpret a situation as more serious than it actually is in order to get quicker action from Washington. Or they may underrate a crisis and thus fail to alert the government in time. Sometimes a report in the press arouses the attention of the State Department and results in further inquires to the ambassador. This aspect of the role of the foreign correspondent can be exaggerated but it should not be altogether dismissed.

No American newspaper, so far as I know, had a staff correspondent in Guatemala during the attempted coup d'état last November. The official communiqués, saying that "casualties had been heavy and the populace suffered extreme hardships," and that there had been "eight hours of strafing and bombing," were far from the truth. The leading local newspaper, *El Imparcial*, whose star reporter was by chance in Porto Barrios when the rebellion broke out there, described the scene in great detail and came to the conclusion that he was not quite sure whether it was a theatrical performance or a rebellion. When I tried to see him shortly after the misfired coup, his editor told me he had gone to New Orleans to have his teeth fixed, but that it would be safe for him to return within a few days. The newspaper, by the way, was suspended by government order for thirty days, but after a quick appeal to the Supreme Court was allowed to reappear after twenty-four hours.

THERE was no American staffer in Bolivia when a Soviet delegation from the Supreme Soviet visited that country last December. As one Bolivian official put it, it was the first time in Bolivia's history that any foreign delegation spent more than a week there. There was an interesting story behind Peru's decision to break diplomatic relations with Cuba. Furthermore, early in January a right-wing coup was forestalled in Venezuela; it received no mention in the American press, although it seems to have further strengthened President Betancourt's hand. There was the American ambassador who lost much local good will because he refused to give asylum to the wife of a deposed president who had been his friend, there were the complaints by university professors about the lack of American textbooks translated into Spanish, and about the continued hero-worshipping of Franklin D. Roosevelt. Latin America is teeming with interesting stories.

Distances, communications, and costs are, of course, a problem. But I was surprised how relatively reliable and quick cable facilities are and how greatly air travel has improved. I also think that the standards of some of the leading Latin American newspapers are impressive. In contrast, one of the Miami newspapers, which is readily available in several Latin American capitals because most airlines stop in Miami on their way south, is a poor advertisement for the quality of American newspapers.

The effect of the shock waves that Fidelism has sent through Latin America, the rise of social consciousness among the people, the search for a new identity, and the efforts of the Kennedy Administration to re-examine what a Brazilian newspaper recently called "the underdeveloped policy of the United States in Latin America" no doubt will also stimulate the American press to re-examine its coverage of this part of the Western Hemisphere.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"The Genie himself is a capital gain, but anything he brings you has to be treated as ordinary income."

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No Mecca in Mysticism

By Granville Hicks

IT SEEMS certain that Arthur Koestler's **"The Lotus and the Robot"** (Macmillan, $3.95) will rouse a good deal of controversy. It is a book about Yoga and Zen, and Koestler's general thesis is that neither has anything to offer the West. Not only will the partisans of these systems be out for his blood; the experts, very properly of course, will search his text for mistakes of fact and errors of judgment. Neither partisan nor expert, I can speak only as a general reader. But if I know little about Yoga and Zen, I know something about Arthur Koestler, for I have been reading his books ever since "The Gladiators" was published in 1939.

He is a man of wide interests and strong feelings. As he tells in the first of his autobiographical volumes, "Arrow in the Blue," he was attracted to Zionism while he was a student in Vienna, and he soon went to Palestine to see for himself. After his return to Europe, he became a successful journalist, specializing in science. Communism now attracted him, and on Dec. 31, 1931, he applied for membership in the Party.

Ten years later he was a leading anti-Communist. In the meantime he had traveled in the Soviet Union and had served a variety of Communist causes. He had gone to Spain as a journalist during the Civil War, and had been arrested and condemned to death by the Franco government. Largely because of the Moscow trials, he became increasingly skeptical about Communism, and his doubts permeated his first novel, "The Gladiators," though much of this was written while he was still a member of the Party. After he broke with the Party, he wrote "Darkness at Noon," a novel about the Stalin purges that attracted much attention here and in Europe.

In the early Forties, after the success of "Darkness at Noon," Koestler wrote many articles on Communism, and he dealt with the subject in another novel, "The Age of Longing," published in 1951. He has continued to be concerned with Communism, but there has been much else that has interested him. He revisited Palestine, and wrote a book about the emergence of the State of Israel. He has also written a book about and against capital punishment. In "Insight and Outlook" he ventured into psychology and philosophy, and in "The Sleepwalkers" he discussed the beginnings of the scientific revolution.

For some time it has seemed likely that Koestler would sooner or later turn his attention to the religions of the East. In 1942 he wrote an essay, "The Yogi and the Commissar," which later gave its name to a book. In it he imagined a sociological spectrum, with the Commissar at one end and the Yogi at the other. The Commissar "believes that all the pests of humanity, including constipation and the Oedipus complex, can and will be cured by Revolution, that is, by a radical reorganization of the system of production and distribution of goods; that this end justifies the use of all means, including violence, ruse, treachery and poison; that logical reasoning is an unfailing compass . . ." The Yogi "believes that the End is unpredictable and that the Means alone count . . . He believes that nothing can be improved by exterior organization and everything by the individual effort from within." In a sequel to this essay he wrote: "To recover the lost half of our personalities, man's wholeness and holiness, the art and science of contemplation has to be learned . . . Contemplation survives only in the East and to learn it we have to turn to the East; but we need qualified interpreters and above all a reinterpretation in the terms and symbols of Western thought."

IN 1958 and 1959 Koestler got around to making his own study of what the East has to offer the West. Whatever else he is, he is a hard-working journalist, and he went at the job in a systematic fashion. He interviewed four spiritual leaders of India, four contemporary saints as he calls them, and he reports carefully and it would seem objectively on what he saw and heard. He also visited centers of Yoga research and studied their findings. His conclusion is that "India, with all its saintly longings for *samadhi*, has no spiritual cure to offer for the evils of Western civilization."

The essay on Japan is somewhat larger in scope. At first Koestler was charmed by Japan, but then he was appalled, for the Japanese seemed to have a passion for the worst features of Western civilization. (He was distressed by the popularity at the moment of tranquilizers and transistor radios.) As he looked deeper, he saw that much of Japanese life was regulated by rigid and artificial codes, symbolized for him by *bon-sai* and flower arrangement. Instead of being destroyed by the rapid Westernization of Japan, he discovered, this rigidity has been intensified, since it serves as a defense against so much that is strange and new.

IT IS in relation to this rigidity that Koestler finds Zen significant. "Taken at face value and considered in itself, Zen is at best an existentialist hoax, at worst a web of solemn absurdities. But within the framework of Japanese society, this cult of the absurd, of ritual leg-pulls and nose-tweaks, made beautiful sense." Even here, however, its value is limited, for Zen itself tends to become formularized, and spontaneity is achieved by rule. "Zen started as a deconditioning cure and ended up as a different type of conditioning."

Koestler's summing up is forthright: "Mankind is facing its most deadly predicament since it climbed down from the trees; but one is reluctantly brought to the conclusion that neither Yoga, Zen, nor any other Asian form of mysticism has any significant advice to offer." Yet he is no more friendly to materialism, in either the philosophical or the popular sense of the term, than he was before; he is not saying that we must adopt the Commissar's way of life. On the contrary, he points out that there are Western as well as Eastern forms of mysticism and that these are an integral part of our cultural tradition. What his journey to Asia chiefly gave him was a new perspective on and a new appreciation of the West.

In his preface Koestler refers to the book as "a mixture of pedantic detail and sweeping generalizations." Pedantic is not a word I should apply to Koestler, but he does have a respect for facts, and I believe him to be a trustworthy reporter. His generalizations are another matter, and I have no doubt that there are plenty of grounds for disagreement. If there is controversy, Koestler will welcome it, for he has always enjoyed the role of gadfly. For myself, I suspect that his conclusions are sounder than those of such a scholar as F. S. C. Northrop, author of "The Meeting of East and West," who thinks a synthesis of Eastern and Western thought can be achieved with no great difficulty. If Koestler's book does no more than counteract such facile optimism, it will be useful.

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Expressing the Inexpressible

"Commentaries on Living: From the Notebooks of J. Krishnamurti," edited by J. Rajagopal *(Harper. 312 pp. $4.50), reveals more of the philosophy of the Hindu mystic and poet who was once proclaimed the Messiah by Theosophist Annie Besant. Nancy Wilson Ross's most recent book is "The World of Zen."*

By Nancy Wilson Ross

THE THIRD volume in the series of "Commentaries on Living," by Jiddu Krishnamurti, has just appeared. It follows the pattern established in the two earlier volumes, consisting of excerpts from the personal notebooks of one of the most remarkable and unorthodox religious leaders of modern times.

Not that the term "religious leader" would meet with the approval of the man thus described. Although Krishnamurti can hardly escape being called a "teacher," since he has so many devoted disciples in all parts of the world, he himself insists repeatedly that listening to words of guidance from another is "like playing a record; truth is something that cannot be told." He thereby appears to impale himself on the inescapable paradox of speaking about that which cannot be spoken, and in this respect he notably resembles certain masters of Zen Buddhism. (Indeed there are many points of comparison between Krishnamurti's twentieth-century insights and the ancient Chinese-Japanese "Way of Life" now attracting so much interest.)

The present series of Commentaries contains fifty-seven "explorations together" by Krishnamurti and various people who have come to interview or interrogate him. The book deals with such subjects as "Self-Knowledge or Self-Hypnosis?," "To Change Society You Must Break Away from It," "The Fragmentation of Man Is Making Him Sick," "What Is Love?" Each chapter begins with a brief scene laid in contemporary India, often at dawn; short, vivid sketches of an old, folk-rooted religious culture that can still be glimpsed even by casual tourists in modern India, if they travel outside cities and rise early enough. In Krishnamurti's use of this descriptive material there is no trace of that rather smug romanticism one has come to expect from many "spiritual" Indians. Krishnamurti is, above all, a realist; one might even call him a "tough" realist. Although he describes worshipful villagers garlanding with flowers a venerated tamarind tree or floating small ritual oil lamps at twilight on a serene river, he also notes the putrescent body of a dead animal drifting past on the same stream, now flood-swollen, with carrion crows and vultures quarreling over the remains, and lepers, beggars, and grimy pilgrims bound for towns that may be "very holy" but are also "very dirty."

Jiddu Krishnamurti: "Your education . . . determines your visions."

These vignettes are never presented merely in terms of contrast, or by way of separating life into pleasant and ugly, good and bad. They appear—without obvious stressing of the point—as part of a living totality which, in every moment, carries its own particular meaning and message. Thus, in the introductory paragraph to the chapter "Attention Without Motive," the sound of a flute brings the observer outdoors, where he sees an unwashed little boy in torn and dirty clothes, with a face "aggressively sharp and complaining," oblivious to everything around him, playing softly on a home-made flute. Although the tune is only a cheap cinema air, "The purity of the notes was extraordinary . . . The flute player was there but the mind was infinitely far away. It was far away within itself, clear, untouched, alone, beyond the measure of time and recognition." This, Krishnamurti would seem to imply, is truly an example of "attention without motive."

The descriptive passages of each section are followed by question-and-answer interviews. On the whole, the queries put to Krishnamurti by his earnest visitors are the kind asked by troubled people everywhere today. Krishnamurti has no glib answers, but he does seem to have the singular power of leading receptive minds—and, judging from the record, even stubborn and resistant minds—into new categories of "awareness" and towards at least brief freedom from fixed habits of thought. To help an individual escape from the confining strictures of the "taken for granted," Krishnamurti has never been averse to pulling out from under his readers (or listeners) their most cherished props:

> You are taught what to believe and what not to believe; your mind is a result of time, which is memory, knowledge. All experiencing is a process of interpreting in terms of the past, of the known, and so there's no freedom from the known; there is only a modified continuity of what has been.
>
> If you are a Christian, your visions follow a certain pattern; if you are a Hindu, a Buddhist, or a Moslem, they follow a different pattern . . . Your education, the culture in which you have been brought up, determines your visions . . . To be free of these various forms of evaluation is to understand the actual, the what is.

But, he warns, the "what is" is not far off, distant, attainable only by some special, highly self-conscious effort. "At the beginning is the totality. In the very beginning is the ending. There's no distance to be covered, no climbing, no point of arrival." Even the disciplines of daily meditation, he suggests, may become merely a "process of self-hypnosis" if there is no understanding of "the whole complexity of life and everyday reactions from moment to moment . . . Meditation of the heart is the understanding of daily problems. You can't go very far if you don't begin very near."

In these conversations Krishnamurti is concerned, as always, with the matter of "freedom." There is not space here to retell the story of his own painful but firm rejection of the mantle of World Teacher laid on his shoulders

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long ago by the famous British Theosophist Annie Besant, or to review his continuous effort down the years to free himself from his own legend, a laudable attempt in which he has been only partially successful because his followers find it difficult to avoid thinking in terms of revelation and salvation while he is urging experimentation and individual "realization."

One of the sections of the present book gets its title from a question put by an eager young college graduate who had recently joined a "movement" for doing good. Why, he wanted to know, had Krishnamurti years before dissolved the Order of the Star, to whose exalted leadership world Theosophy had once elevated him? As he strolls with this particular seeker along the usual path of quiet dialectic, Krishnamurti remarks:

> The important thing is to free your mind of envy, hate and violence; and for that you don't need an organization, do you? So-called religious organizations never liberate the mind, they only make it conform to a certain creed or belief. One [he says later] may follow what is generally considered to be right action, or be told what right action is, but that does not bring about love, does it?

It is on the subject of love (and the attainment of simplicity in the midst of complexity) that this book ends. But in Krishnamurti's terms love, "freed of its verbal moral-hedge," is "a state of compassion which is not aroused by an object. Love is action, and all else is reaction." (Elsewhere he has said, "Love is God.")

These subtle Commentaries do not lend themselves to hasty scanning, for they are the distilled reflections of a profound and original thinker who has consistently dared to live by what he believes. They make a notable contribution to contemporary philosophy.

Applied Buddhism

"Zen Showed Me the Way," by Sessue Hayakawa, *edited by Croswell Bowen (Bobbs-Merrill. 256 pp. $3.95), relates how the Japanese actor used Zen methods in his work. Alan Watts wrote "The Way of Zen."*

By Alan Watts

ONE WOULD naturally suppose that Zen Buddhism is better understood by the Japanese than by anyone else. After all, it is their own way of life. Furthermore, Sessue Hayakawa (star of "The Bridge on the River Kwai") had the advantage of six months' intensive training in Zen as a young man, more than fifty years ago. But, as we know in our own culture, even three years in theological school produces relatively few ministers with an intelligent grasp of Christianity. Such parallels are important in judging much that is said about Zen in particular and Buddhism in general by those to whom they are native; it can be as oversimplified as the Christianity of Norman Vincent Peale, or as the information one might gain about psychoanalysis from an article in the *Reader's Digest*.

Mr. Hayakawa's version of Zen is not quite that bad, yet it gives the impression that Zen is little more than a method of mind control and concentration with the objective of cultivating serenity and will power. This is true enough—up to a point. But Zen is really something much more subtle. Its discipline is a challenge to the normal feeling that man is a separate, individual ego, an independent agent with a will of his own. It invites him to exert his ego to the utmost in order to find out by experiment that it is a socially induced illusion. The result is not fatalism but the curious feeling that one's acts have no agent, that they are controlled, not by a will, but by themselves, and that they belong equally and simultaneously to the individual and to the whole world. The sense of self changes from that of a mind inside a body to that of the whole organism-environment field. The duality of doer and deed, knower and known, disappears into the unity of pure process.

If Mr. Hayakawa understands this he hardly mentions it, and thus the book contributes nothing new to our knowledge of Zen. Indeed, the title is quite misleading if its intention is to gain readers because of the current vogue for Zen in this country. For the bulk of the book is a moderately interesting account of the author's experiences as a notable star of stage and screen both here and in France and Japan. Zen showed him the way in so far as it enabled him to keep his head in some ticklish situations and to identify himself completely with his role on the stage, and anyone who has watched his performances knows that he does it extremely well. As a volume of memoirs the book has some merit, especially in its account of the early days and personalities of Hollywood.

Sessue Hayakawa—"Zen enabled him to keep his head in some ticklish situations."

I do not wish to suggest that Mr. Hayakawa's reticence about the more interesting aspects of Zen is due to ignorance. It is more probably attributable to the Japanese feeling that nothing can be said about them, which I find faint-hearted because great literature and poetry are always attempts to express the inexpressible. When it comes to writing about Zen one must either put up or shut up, for if it is really true that its meaning cannot be put into words one should not write about it at all. My own feeling is that Zen is no less expressible in words than any other form of life, and that if one refuses to describe it one should also refuse to describe the natural landscape or the subtleties of human character.

FRASER YOUNG'S

LITERARY CRYPT NO. 922

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer to No. 922 will be found in the next issue.

LNPL PSABHBLB HA CASDHAF GSD ENQ LS FS LSS ENQ.

K. PSPLMNZ.

———

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 921

Don't talk about yourself; it will be done when you leave.

—ADDISON MIZNER.

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FICTION

Hunt Without Quarry

"The Power of Black," by M. B. Longman *(Globus. 472 pp. $5.95), peoples a panoramic canvas with the muscular men of an American oil dynasty. William Peden is director of the University of Missouri Press.*

By William Peden

RECENT commentators on American fiction have been lamenting the preponderance of intelligent, well-mannered, well-tailored, but essentially inconsequential contemporary novels; well-mannered, even gentlemen themselves, they have vociferously advocated a return to boldness, bigness, savagery, experimentation, exuberance, and individuality. Such critics should find cause for rejoicing in "The Power of Black," a large, powerful, chest-pounding, likker-drinking, hair-pulling, thigh-slapping saga of an American oil family, full of action, violence, war, and sex, splashed vividly against a series of backgrounds which include the feudal American South, oil-crazy Texas at the turn of the twentieth century, and post-World War I Europe and the Near East.

"The Power of Black" is alive with people and events. There is Major Homer Ashe, progenitor of the Ashe myth of greatness and perpetrator of the original evil that haunts his descendants like a classical curse, who leaves the family plantation near Charleston to be destroyed after a series of vividly recreated Civil War incidents. His sons, Jonah and Robert, strike oil in Texas and lead the family to both its financial greatness and spiritual poverty; Jonah, a big, brawling, whiskey-swilling belly of a man whose transformation into a fine human being is one of the real achievements of the novel, and Robert, the cold brains of the dynasty, who epitomizes the lust for achievement—a continuing kind of rape—which is the novel's main theme. Jay-Wade and Maxon, their sons, are lesser men than their fathers; to aging voluptuary Jay-Wade little remains at the close of the novel but the realization that his life has been as meaningless as a hunt without a quarry.

Equally vivid are the women: Major Ashe's widow, lost in senile dreams of plantation life before the "War"; Jonah's Peaches, onetime female barber in Bronco, Texas, perhaps the only happy female in the novel; Robert's unloved Ellen, whose marriage is a series of "ceremonies of degradation"; and Jay-Wade's French harlot, Nicole. Even more striking are such minor characters as the Indian, Charlie Horsecollar, whose drunken Christmas rampage before Robert and Jonah strike oil at Zion-high is a miniature classic in itself; and the Hungarian soldier of fortune, Captain Magershack, whose favorite quotation, from an Elizabethan lyric, almost serves as an emblem for the whole novel: ". . . to conclude, I know myself a man./Which is a proud, and yet a wretched thing."

In spite of its similarity—a similarity, fortunately, that is superficial and largely external—to the familiar Hollywood "epic" of the rise and fall of millionaires, financial empires, or power dynasties, "The Power of Black" is a remarkable novel, Dickensian in the variety of its characters, the vigor of its "big scenes," the skilful interweaving of the elements of fact and fiction, the cunning juxtaposition of drama and melodrama, and the adroit use of exaggeration, caricature, and robust humor. Beneath the violence and the torrents of talk and action and the occasional repetition, there is a solid, abiding residue of keen insight into the total human experience of its people, a high awareness of the tragedy of human waste and greed and ruthless exploitation of natural and human resources. "The Power of Black" is unusual in many ways, including the matter of authorship. M. B. Longman, the publisher informs us, is a pseudonym for "two extraordinary men . . . one a major American writer . . . the other a product of and factor in the oil industry." Such collaborations are infrequent and seldom successful. "The Power of Black" is an exception. It is a solid achievement, worthy of the hand and the heart that created "The Grapes of Wrath."

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

BIRDS ON THE BOOKSHELF

The names of our feathered friends (some of whom are not so friendly) frequently figure in book titles. Emeline E. Kotula of Chicago has assembled a flock of these and asks you to assign the correct authors. Feeding station on page 63

1. "When the Whippoorwill"	( )	Harper Lee
2. "The Song of the Cardinal"	( )	Willa Cather
3. "The Indigo Bunting"	( )	Rumer Godden
4. "Penguin Island"	( )	Nathalia Crane
5. "Turkey in the Straw"	( )	Robert Nathan
6. "They Came Like Swallows"	( )	Mildred Walker
7. "Peacock Pie"	( )	Dennis Gray Stahl
8. "The Time of the Cuckoo"	( )	Frank Yerby
9. "Too Late the Phalarope"	( )	Gene Stratton Porter
10. "The Rage of the Vulture"	( )	Ethel M. Dell
11. "The Dove Found No Rest"	( )	MacKinlay Cantor
12. "The Blue Bird"	( )	Aldous Huxley
13. "His Eye Is on the Sparrow"	( )	Gabrielle Roy
14. "Kingfishers Catch Fire"	( )	Laurence Van der Post
15. "The Way of an Eagle"	( )	William Maxwell
16. "The Golden Hawk"	( )	Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings
17. "Flamingo Feather"	( )	Walter de la Mare
18. "The Song of the Lark"	( )	Vincent Sheean
19. "Where Nests the Water Hen"	( )	Maurice Maeterlinck
20. "The Wild Duck"	( )	Anatole France
21. "Pelican in the Wilderness"	( )	Ethel Waters
22. "The Sea-Gull Cry"	( )	Alan Paton
23. "The Singing Crow"	( )	Alan Moorehead
24. "The Curlew's Cry"	( )	E. Fraser Darling
25. "After Many a Summer Dies the Swan"	( )	Arthur Laurents
26. "To Kill a Mockingbird"	( )	Henrik Ibsen

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Couple on Misery Row

"Revolutionary Road," by Richard Yates *(Little, Brown. 537 pp. $4.75), uses suburbia as a backdrop for its portrayal of a tortured marriage. David Boroff teaches English at New York University and often comments on American manners and mores.*

By David Boroff

"REVOLUTIONARY ROAD," a novel about a young suburban couple, is not another suburban novel. There is little of the usual preoccupation with the social topography of the suburbs or with the scramble for status. This novel offers, instead, an utterly unsparing, sometimes despairing portrait of contemporary marriage.

What makes "Revolutionary Road" noteworthy amid the torrent of books purporting to do the same thing is that Richard Yates is a writer of commanding gifts. This is his first novel, and he brings to it an astonishing skill and a robust intelligence that a seasoned novelist may well envy. His prose is urbane yet sensitive, with passion and irony held deftly in balance. And he provides unexpected pleasures in a flood of freshly-minted phrases and in the thrust of sudden insight. Yates can take a threadbare suburban cliché—an amateur theatrical production, a quarrel, the irresistible descent into adultery—and endow it with stinging new life.

Revolutionary Road is the suburban lane in Connecticut where Frank and April Wheeler have their trim little home. They are an attractive couple somehow marked off from their neighbors. He is a bright young man who rather arrogantly proclaims his indifference to his sales promotion job; he lives presumably for nobler things. His wife is an actress *manquée*, and when the novel opens she has just participated in one of those perennially hopeful, perennially sad amateur productions in the suburbs.

Their marriage had brave beginnings ("You're the most interesting man I've ever met"), but after two children and the attrition of a dull job, they can do little more than lacerate each other. April, a lovely girl, has turned into "a gaunt constricted woman whose red eyes flashed reproach." Frank counts the passing years and sulks about a wife "who loved him when he was nice, who lived according to what she happened to feel like doing."

But they have the energy of bitterness. In rebellion against the suburban piety that people resign from real life when they have families—"the great sentimental lie of the suburbs"—they decide to go to Europe. There Frank is to find himself, although he has no clearly defined vocation. The offer of a job promotion and an unexpected pregnancy create baffling complications, a new, more harrowing self-awareness, and quarrels of ever-mounting intensity.

The reader is dogged by unanswered questions: How much of the ultimate tragedy is caused by the sheer refractoriness of marriage? How much is the legacy of the twisted childhood of both Frank and April so scrupulously documented by the author? What comes through powerfully is a sense of these fundamentally decent people inhabiting a spiritually dingy world. They are the New Wastelanders, upright and earnest, tending to their children's needs and giving society its due, but unsupported by any final conviction of the validity of their lives. "But I don't know who I am," April moans to the neighbor she takes in desperate adultery. And Frank sees himself as one of "hundreds of tiny pink men in white shirts, forever shifting papers and frowning into telephones, acting out their passionate little dumb show under the supreme indifference of the rolling spring clouds."

Perhaps all this has been said before, but rarely with such precise notation of feeling, such mordant, unsentimental perception.

PHOEBUS APOLLO, god of the sun, patron of music, medicine, and nearly everything else precious to mortals, second in power only to his father Zeus, embodied the radiance of the Hellenic spirit, and in some ways foreshadowed Christ in the pagan mind. Apollo and his fellow Olympians retain their ancient splendor through the miracle of Greek sculpture, beautifully photographed by Robert Descharnes in "**Greek Sculpture**" (Tudor. $5.95). The accompanying text is by Pierre Devambez.

Apollo of Piombino (bronze), about 475 B.C. Louvre Museum, Paris.

Apollo of Tenea (marble), middle of sixth century B.C. Glyptothek of Munich.

Head of Apollo, detail of west pediment of the Temple of Zeus, about fifth century B.C.

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The Reward Is Death

"Promenade in Champagne," by David Johnson *(Sloane. 255 pp. $3.95), and* ***"A Battle Is Fought to Be Won," by Francis Clifford*** *(Coward-McCann. 189 pp. $3.95), capture the courage, the fears, and the camaraderie of men at war. After several years of reviewing for the Minneapolis Sunday Tribune, Roy A. Newquist founded his own book column for Star Publications.*

By Roy A. Newquist

MASCULINE tastes vary with personal interests, educational background, and relative sophistication. Yet one thing most male readers do insist upon is a story they can follow, coherently, from a provocative beginning to a logical conclusion. In many respects the male reader exceeds the female in the demands imposed upon the wrtier. A defect in characterization, a slow pace, or even a prolonged lull in action is apt to jettison masculine interest despite niceties of style or psychological penetration. Consequently it is easy to see why westerns, mysteries, and science fiction have such a strong grip on the male audience.

And why these two war novels, apart from their greater significance, deserve similar respectful readership.

"Promenade in Champagne" takes place during World War I. Its narrator, Charles Aiguillon, is a young captain barely baptized with fire before his company (the Angevin Regiment of Infantry) is thrust into the disastrous offensive launched by General Nivelle in 1917. This was the general attack so costly to the Allies it could have won a battle and lost a war.

The heart of Aiguillon's narrative concerns the friendships that unite a group of young officers who have trained together at St. Cyr; friendships that end only when valor is awarded the ultimate compliment of death.

"A Battle Is Fought to Be Won" moves a quarter-century toward the present. This is World War II, and the battleground is Burma. Its hero, Captain Anthony Gilling, has leaped from a bank job to the command of a rifle company of Karen tribesmen. His is a battle that cannot be won: all he can do against overwhelming Japanese forces is delay one prong of their Burmese offensive for a matter of hours.

Gilling's job would challenge a trained officer, and the young man is further bedeviled by the presence of two personal monkeys that ride his back. One is his private sense of inadequacy. The other is fear. Both these tortures obsess him whenever he faces his senior platoon commander, Subedar Nay Dun. In the subedar's silence Gilling senses accusation, and a pantherlike wait for the one fatal error that would leave the company in more capable hands.

Gilling knows from what he has seen of Japanese atrocities that capture is unthinkable. In constant retreat on a mission of sabotage, with the enemy rarely out of sight, Gilling's desperation leads to acts of courage. Ironically, he dies without realizing his own bravery and capability.

Johnson and Clifford are far removed from the popular school of pornographic warfare. Aiguillon and Gilling share the virtues and shortcomings that determine a man's reaction to physical stress and emotional challenge. Their proof of manhood springs from unlettered deeds, not four-lettered words. Through tasteful love scenes or fond reflections we infer their sexual virility. Amatory calisthenics would be both superfluous and silly.

Johnson and Clifford also part company with writers who treat war as a panorama so confusing the reader must frequently flip back pages to discover who's who. No slice-of-life assortment of Nice Guy, Negro, Jew, Sophisticate, Bumpkin, and Tyrant. We focus clearly upon one man: in the unique personality and experiences of that man we gain far more engagement and understanding than we can from an ethnic milieu.

David Johnson scored a hit with "The Proud Canaries," a vivid re-creation of cavalry warfare in the Napoleonic era. "Promenade" is equal in accomplishment. Action is brisk, expertly punctuated with moments of poignancy or humor. Aiguillon, his colorful mistress Diane, and the officers and enlisted men of the Angevin Regiment are so intriguingly, faithfully Gallic that an echo of the "Marseillaise" lingers when we have finished.

Francis Clifford's first novel, "Act of Mercy," was a triumph of suspense. "Battle" is a better book, primarily because Clifford skilfully uses suspense as a framework and pads it with deft characterization and evocative description. His style is somewhat comparable to Graham Greene's: a passage of complete objectivity is frequently shattered by a physical event, or a moment of introspection, that doubles the impact of both.

Both of these brief and excellent novels are recommended to a male audience that appreciates authenticity, fast-paced action, and the mature good taste of writers who believe a novel must create and fulfill its essential thesis, plot, and characterizations in the shortest necessary space.

"Does JFK get up for *his*?

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Opinions Made in USA

"As We Are," by Henry Brandon *(Doubleday. 282 pp. $4.50), by means of seventeen taped interviews probes into the nature of America. Jacob Jaffe is chairman of the Journalism Department at Long Island University in New York.*

By Jacob Jaffe

FOR WELL over a century perceptive Europeans visiting or working in the United States have displayed insight into American life that has frequently exceeded the comprehensions of native observers. The reports by Tocqueville and Mrs. Trollope, for example, have in some ways never been surpassed. Fortunately, there is always another new visitor to keep us properly informed about ourselves. The latest, Henry Brandon, has been U.S. correspondent of the London *Sunday Times* for more than a decade.

Mr. Brandon, however, has accomplished his function in a manner that distinguishes him from other foreign commentators. His book combines seventeen taped "conversations" with front-page Americans or near-Americans (such as Peter Ustinov and Wernher von Braun) and an equal number of his own brief, analytical introductions. Together, these constitute an astonishing volume of probing examinations.

Deliberately assisted toward what presumably will be a relaxed, natural state of thought by a supposedly inconspicuous tape recorder, Mr. Brandon's guests unquestionably supply most of the words. To that degree this is substantially a set of American self-observations, with appropriate emphasis, at the more personal level, on creative effort, specialized-skill interests, and deeply felt ideas.

The Englishman is, nevertheless, always there, dutifully influencing direction by a question, a polite challenge, or a sturdy opinion of his own. Mr. Brandon is brilliantly inquisitive without ever being indiscreet; so much so that it is easy to overlook the fact that, in an important way, these are *his* conversations.

American journalists can derive a variety of lessons from their foreign colleague. Mr. Brandon, although probably considering himself a newsman rather than an intellectual, learnedly directs a considerable portion of the talk to profound contemporary issues, including the nuclear threat, ideological controversy, and the crisis of American culture.

While he is always the humble, reserved interviewer, his expression of erudition makes him easily the conversational equal of such diverse minds as Walter Reuther, Edmund Wilson, Norbert Wiener, Frank Lloyd Wright, and Herblock. Apparently recognizing Mr. Brandon's mental stature, they speak openly and luminously, never talking down. It is not the tape recorder (more likely to tie than release the tongue) but this reporter who brings guests to a full state of reasonableness.

Every member of the book's distinguished community, even the now split Arthur Miller-Marilyn Monroe team and the pre-convention Presidential aspirants John F. Kennedy and Richard M. Nixon, introduces fresh thoughts, new definitions, and keen observations. But Mr. Brandon's own introductory statements consistently provide much of the brightest information. His notes on Mr. Kennedy include this telling point:

> There were no last-minute questions, no reservations, no fuss, no nervousness . . . This was a politician who knew what his duties were and he accepted them not without relish. His answers never betrayed emotion or excitement or irritation. Nor did his face twitch or his eyes blink when I thought I might have touched a sensitive nerve. No questions, however personal, seemed to present a problem. This was an orderly mind speaking.

The seventeen conversations, intended to show Americans "as we are,"

(*Continued on page* 63)

No Stars in His Eyes

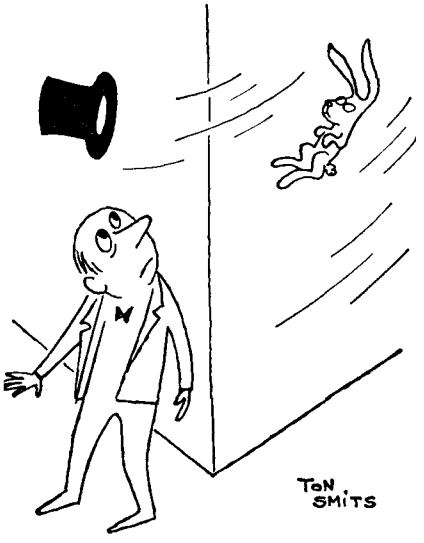
"The Fifty-Year Decline and Fall of Hollywood," by Ezra Goodman *(Simon & Schuster. 452 pp. $5.95), shrinks the colossi of the cinema capital. Arthur Knight, author of "The Liveliest Art: A Panoramic History of the Movies," covers films for SR.*

By Arthur Knight

ANYONE turning to Mr. Goodman's pugnacious tome in anticipation of the chronicle implicit in his title is doomed to disappointment. Mr. Goodman, who has been in turn a publicist, columnist, and critic of films, proceeds on the assumption that Hollywood has already declined and fallen; and he regales his readers with the kind of "inside" chit-chat that is the stock in trade of most reporters. Indeed, much of the book appears to have been put together from random notes left over from interviews and articles that never saw print. No question about it, after some twenty years in the movie capital, Mr. Goodman is a very bitter man; and his view of the films and their makers is, to put it kindly, jaundiced.

Literally no one in a position of authority has been spared. Samuel Goldwyn is "a wily infighter who has survived all his competitors." The late Mike Todd is a "promoter and con man." Irving Thalberg "may have been a genius at money-making, but not at movie-making." Jerry Wald is "a sort of small human dirigible who gives off about the same amount of gassy air as a blimp." Stanley Kramer, Walter Wanger, and Dore Schary "brought politeness and little else to the movies." Actors and actresses are variably referred to as "profiles."

Along with these unflattering charac-



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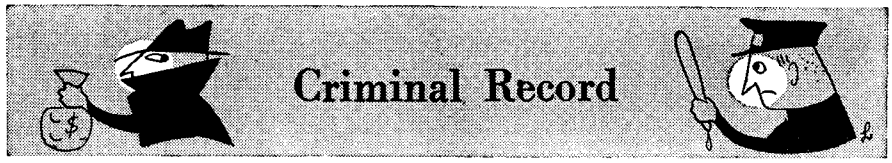
terizations, of course, goes an equally unflattering series of substantiatory anecdotes: how Goldwyn used his influence to change an unfavorable review in the *New York Times*, how Thalberg held a script conference on the way to Mabel Normand's funeral, how Kramer and Schary sought to have Goodman fired, first as film reviewer for the Los Angeles *Daily News*, later from the same assignment at *Time*. (His disenchantment with that publication suggests that his next book will be titled "The Twenty-Five Year Decline and Fall of Time, Inc.")

While there is nothing in these racy, readable yarns to suggest inaccuracy or bad reporting (in fact, Mr. Goodman makes a fetish of setting down every quote in its authentic, tortured English), there is ample evidence of bias and even animosity. Every mogul is *per se* a monster, inflated by egoism, propped up by publicity. Rooting about for feet of clay, he finds them in abundance—and promptly ignores the edifice built upon them.

Curiously, when dealing with the has-beens and the also-rans, the once-greats and the men who never quite made it, his sympathies sway him just as far in the other direction. D. W. Griffith, Erich von Stroheim, Herbert Brenon, B. P. Schulberg, and many more receive a just, and often touching, tribute from the author—but there is nothing to suggest that in their day they may not have been every bit as autocratic, money-grubbing, and publicity-conscious as those who are now sitting in their chairs in the studio commissaries.

Obviously, Mr. Goodman's favorite heroes are the unsung ones. Thus the most endearing—and in the long run, the most enduring—section of his book is that devoted to "the little people." In a series of affectionate vignettes he introduces the second unit directors, the special effects men, the montage specialists, set designers, skilled cameramen—names barely glimpsed in the swift shuffle of titles that precede a feature, but responsible for the technical perfection of Hollywood's movies. Here Goodman shows not only an appreciation of their contributions, but his understanding of what makes a movie work. At times in this chapter he even seems to love the movies.

No sooner does he leave them, however, than the chip returns to his shoulder, the boxing gloves are back in place, and he is sparring with the gods, the darlings, and the sacred cows of a Hollywood he frankly despises. Nothing in the book suggests that fifty years ago, or even twenty-five, he would have found them any less despicable. Every age produces its quota of gods and heroes—if one doesn't stand up too close.



REQUIEM FOR A SCHOOLGIRL. *By Ivan T. Ross. Simon & Schuster.* $3.50. When twelfth-grade lass dies untimely, her male teacher wonders why; cops are his allies and opponents; dead teem ere solution. Crisp talk and fast action.

THE DEADLY FRIEND. *By Hugh Pentecost. Dodd, Mead.* $2.95. Yank scientist-explorer vanishes after "exposure" by columnist; son and friends take up cudgels; violence erupts on campus as U.S. Senate committee meets. Good motion, but not all characters are wholly credible.

TRUE SPY STORIES. *Edited by Robert Deindorfer. Crest.* 35¢. Eight yarns by as many writers (all from *True* magazine) span First World War to present and large part of globe. Exciting.

THAT NIGHT IT RAINED. *By Hillary Waugh. Crime Club.* $2.95. Nice Police Chief Fred C. Fellows of Stockford, Conn., and capable associates run down farmer's slayer after following false trails. High-grade performance.

TWENTY PLUS TWO. *By Frank Gruber. Dutton.* $3.50. Case of long-missing Eastern schoolgirl spurs Tom Adler, West Coast heir-tracer, to action that includes much transcontinental phoning, flying; there's murder, too. Moves along nicely.

THE MAN FROM NOWHERE. *By Joan Fleming. Washburn.* $2.95. Kindly wayfarer (naevus-afflicted) is taken to its heart by English village, but murder of aged shopwoman changes all that; achondroplasiac present. Pleasant and sensitive, with agreeable humor.

KNIFE EDGE. *By Donald MacKenzie. Houghton Mifflin.* $3. Canadian pro gambler introduces pair of new-found pals (m. and f.) to posh Riviera sporting set, and the fat is in the fire. Vivid and violent.

NIGHT'S BLACK AGENT. *By John Bingham. Dodd, Mead.* $2.95. Death duel on Norwegian moor climaxes vicious career of English blackmailer; dead in abundance mark trail. Enduring formula.

THIEF. *By Rupert Croft-Cooke. Crime Club.* $2.95. English youth (wartime child evacuee) turns screwsman; his boyhood pal sets down hero's history. Adult performance, with big impact.

OSCAR MOONEY'S HEAD. *By William E. Huntsberry. Holt, Rinehart & Winston.* $3.50. Bullet-punctured human skull extracted from autopsied shark puts John Raine, Honolulu newshawk, on path to killer. Pleasant performance, with nice fiftieth-state scenery.

FAREWELL CROWN AND GOODBYE KING. *By Margot Bennett. Walker.* $2.95. London promoter vanishes with funds lent him by friends; research turns up tale of European monarch living incognito in Britain; three die. Witty, and at times uproariously funny.

CALL THE WITNESS. *By Edna Sherry. Dodd, Mead.* $2.95. Young New England lawyer, tagged as uxoricide, faces tough jury; yarn is based on classic Liverpool case of generation ago, with legitimate switches. Lively.

ENCOUNTER WITH EVIL. *By Amber Dean. Crime Club.* $2.95. U.S. couple and sixteen-year-old daughter collide with clutter of crooks while motoring across Ontario; international feelings are ruffled. Super-high suspense quotient.

THE CASE OF THE SAPPHIRE BROOCH. *By Christopher Bush. Macmillan.* $2.95. Ludovic Travers, erudite London eye, takes on photographer client in whose flat murder was done; Yard experts come in handy. Usual leisurely and comfortable job.

KILLERS FROM THE KEYS. *By Brett Halliday. Dodd, Mead (Torquil).* $2.95. Mike Shayne, russet-topped Miami peeper and brandy-bibber, hunts, one quarry for three different clients; violent death supervenes. This is his thirty-ninth accomplishment.

FALSE WITNESS. *By Michael Underwood. Walker.* $2.95. Double killing and payroll heist jolt aplomb of young English barrister and baronet's daughter; dendrology a factor. Violates a major canon of mystery writing, but holds interest as a museum piece.

THE CASE OF THE SPURIOUS SPINSTER. *By Erle Stanley Gardner. Morrow.* $2.95. Fortune in a shoebox at issue when framed secretary (f.) faces murder rap; Perry Mason calls shots and keeps Paul Drake's myrmidons busy. Good old routine still clicks along. —Sergeant Cuff.

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PERSONAL HISTORY

The Ubiquitous Anglo-Saxon

"In Pursuit of the English," by Doris Lessing *(Simon & Schuster. 240 pp. $3.75), looks with both hilarity and tears at a shabby side of life. Faubion Bowers is the author of a number of theatrical studies.*

By Faubion Bowers

AS ANYONE who has lived in London knows, Doris Lessing is quite a figure. One is always, it seems, reading her reviews in the Sunday papers, or attending readings of her plays at Sunday night avant-garde theatres, or having her pointed out in the audience of some protest meeting like "Boycott South African Goods," or hearing about her from Indian playwrights or Continental poets who are passing through London and have either just come from Mrs. Lessing's or are on their way there. If she is not well known in America, I am certain she soon will be when word of her new book gets around.

Mrs. Lessing was born in Rhodesia scarcely forty years ago, and like so many colonials who are British without necessarily being English, she yearned to meet the English—not the English like her father who was English but living in Rhodesia, nor the English like her mother who was English, Scotch, and Irish, but the English English. Finally, after a divorce (I gather; this point is not made in the book), she set out with her small son for England by way of South Africa. The year was 1949, when shipping was tied up and slow, and while feverish to get to the English she was holed up an an Afrikaans boarding house (housing, too, was tight in 1949). The four weeks she spent there were, at least to the present-day reader, hilarious. With nothing short of brilliance Mrs. Lessing describes her dual problem of coping, on the one hand, with a mad South African painter called Piet, who left his nudes and fresh fish strewn about, and, on the other hand, of trying to practise English manners with the impossible Brooke-Bensons, the couple across the hall. Her difficulty with them was to ascertain when to slip a note under their door and when to knock, and, most of all, how to establish friendship without ever saying anything with meaning to it.

In pursuing the English, Mrs. Lessing finally reaches England, and here the mood of the book darkens. The hilarity subsides into flickers of humor and flashes of some of the most poignant writing I have read. You alternately laugh at and weep for the series of people whom Mrs. Lessing now lives with for the year of her life that this book documents. Because of poverty—too proud to write home for money and not yet able to earn her living as a writer—she lodges in a "rooming house" and is absorbed into the lives of its working-class owners and tenants in a way that is at times almost painful to read about. Their concern with virginity or, contradictorily, their complete lack of it, their cruelty towards children, their suspicions, the violence between husband and wife that can only be resolved in bed, their inability to grasp an idea of law or the relationship between a typewriter and a printed book—all these and many, many more aspects come into Mrs. Lessing's chapters. She extracts humor out of squalor, and kindliness out of evil, but, above all, she has extracted a lifetime's knowledge of the heartbreak and horror of English people at that level of society.

It is hard for me to say that I "read" Mrs. Lessing's book. Rather, I must confess, I saw it as vividly as if I were at the theatre and, I have to add, I felt it as keenly as an actor on stage might.

Cloak and Dagger Recluse

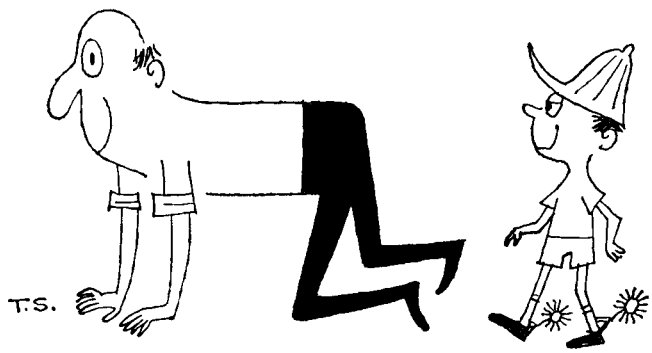
"A Hermit Disclosed," by Raleigh Trevelyan *(St. Martin's. 308 pp. $4.75), penetrates the secret of a man in a "mental iron mask." Aileen Pippett's study of Virginia Woolf is entitled "The Moth and the Star."*

By Aileen Pippett

ONE WINTRY night in 1942, Raleigh Trevelyan, then a schoolboy of eighteen, discovered in the bat-infested attic of his farmhouse home in Essex, near London, a heap of moldering papers which set up a sort of chain reaction in his mind, started him on a quest for truth, and finally resulted in the present enthralling volume.

Exhibit A in the real-life detective story of the case of Alexander James Mason, hermit, versus the rest of the world was the diary of the aforesaid for 1895-97, with its startling introduction, "If I am poisoned at last, and this book is found, it will explain everything." Quite the contrary, for young Trevelyan knew that forty-five years after these words were written Jimmy Mason was still living, hardly a mile away, and the brother he accused of such "deadly spite" was his devoted guardian and source of food.

Could it be true that Tommy Mason, that nice but extremely dirty octogenarian, had poisoned his father and Jimmy's dog and plotted with "raskles" to bury Jimmy in Hart Wood? Who were the murderous villains mentioned, and why would nobody in the village admit kinship with or knowledge of them? Who was the "Mother of Lies"? What became of "Miss Fanny Bell" and other girls who collected the little presents Jimmy hung on a bough after



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dark? Tommy always declared "there was never a woman in it."

The diarist indignantly denied ever speaking a word to anyone at the garden gate. Why should that be an offense? Did his family keep him hidden because of some hideous deformity? Was he a miser? His records showed only a pitiful hoard. Was he a religious recluse? It was said that he "could pray lovely," and the rector who helped defend his absolute privacy maintained that he was "no more than a quiet, gentle, exceptionally shy old man who kept bees and read his Bible." But the diary gave no hint of devoutness. Was he an imbecile? His spelling was erratic, but his story was coherent. What had made him bury himself alive? Unhappy love, a traumatic but unrecorded experience at school, the brutality of a cruel father? The questions were endless, the testimony conflicting.

Young Trevelyan went back to school, then into the army. Jimmy died, aged eighty-four, a few days after his diary was found, and the meager wartime newspapers briefly recorded the end of the "Jilted Lover Keeps Vow" story that had filled columns ten and twenty years earlier. But the young man was not willing to write off the Hermit of Great Canfield as a clear case of persecution complex.

For fifteen years he followed clues, studied documents, searched files, traced descendants of villagers who had known the Masons, consulted parsons, teachers, psychologists, anyone who could possibly suggest where to look next, confirm a date, identify a character, disentangle a fact from a thicket of legend.

It seems that on the whole the evidence supports the theory that "it was the wicked old father that done it." But as the book proceeds it takes on a deeper interest and becomes more than an inquiry into the crime of turning Jimmy Mason into the forlorn creature the author so aptly describes as a man in a mental iron mask. He shows us what Jimmy saw through the narrow slits in that mask and also portrays a way of life, now almost extinct, in a tiny corner of a remote English village at the turn of this century.

Trevelyan writes with elegant economy, an appreciation of a revealing phrase or mannerism, considerable quiet humor (for the trail led to many odd situations), a feeling for the tenderness and tragedy so often underlying what appears banal or bizarre, and a rare combination of scientific detachment and warm understanding. These qualities and the inherent interest of his subject make his narrative completely absorbing.

SCIENCE

Two Leagues Under the Sea

"Seven Miles Down: The Story of the Bathyscaph Trieste," by Jacques Piccard and Robert S. Dietz *(Putnam. 233 pp. $5), describes an unsurpassed plunge into the ocean's "inner space." Arthur C. Clarke, best known for his writings on space travel, is a keen diver and the author of four books on underwater exploration around Ceylon, where he now lives.*

By Arthur C. Clarke

ON JANUARY 23, 1960, the last terrestrial frontier was reached when the bathyscaph *Trieste* descended 35,800 feet into the Challenger Deep off Guam—the deepest known spot in all the oceans. Had the world not been so preoccupied with travel in the opposite direction, this would have been rightly acclaimed as one of the greatest feats of exploration in modern times.

It is also one of the most remarkable, for the whole bathyscaph enterprise, from conception to final triumph almost a quarter of a century later, is due to the persistence and genius of a single man. Such a situation is unique in this age of multimillion-dollar projects involving armies of scientists and engineers. Although Belgian, Italian, French, and American teams all played major (and sometimes conflicting) parts in the development and testing of the bathyscaph, its inventor and guiding spirit is the famous Swiss scientist Professor Auguste Piccard. And when *Trieste* reached the bottom of the Pacific, she carried his son Jacques.

—From the book.

Auguste and son Jacques Piccard at Lausanne in 1960—"persistence."

In "Seven Miles Down" Jacques Piccard, together with Dr. Robert Dietz of the Navy Electronics Laboratory, describes the events leading up to one of the very few records that will never be broken (except possibly by a few unimportant fathoms). The account is lucid, exciting, and frequently humorous—as witness the curious incident of the flags.

On the test dives sponsored by the U.S. Navy, Piccard remarked that only the Stars and Stripes were flying from *Trieste*. "Oh yes," he was told, "we have a Swiss flag, but it seems to have been lost." "It so happened," he writes, "that I had a spare Swiss flag, so I agreed to correct this unfortunate loss. Once again the Swiss flag flew for a few days, only to disappear mysteriously again. I had another. Eventually the last dives were made from a flagless *Trieste*. I suppose my seemingly inexhaustible supply of Swiss flags may have had something to do with it . . . . On the Big Dive no flags at all were flown from the *Trieste*. A British newsman would have liked to make an international incident out of this. I explained that the Swiss, having no navy, were not accustomed to getting their flag wet. Inside the sphere were American flags. At the bottom of the pile, there was one Swiss flag."

The basic concept of the bathyscaph (foreshadowed by H. G. Wells in a remarkable short story, "In the Abyss") is that of an underwater balloon, with a spherical, pressure-resisting "gondola" to carry the two-man crew, and a large float to give it buoyancy. The float contains gasoline, which, being lighter than water, gives considerable lift—and, being liquid, is not appreciably compressed even under the thousand atmospheres or more of pressure at the bottom of the ocean. Though the conception is simple, a great deal of development work was necessary before the "depthboat" became practical, and Piccard's first version, the FNRS-2, ran into the inevitable teething troubles during its initial trials with the French Navy. After the unfortunate controversy

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resulting from these, Piccard washed his hands of the FNRS-2, which, made more seaworthy by a redesigned float and christened FNRS-3, proved itself by taking its French crew to 13,287 feet off Dakar in 1954.

Meanwhile the indomitable professor obtained support in Italy for the building of a second bathyscaph, the *Trieste,* which in 1956 reached a depth of 12,-110 feet in the Tyrrhenian Sea. At this point, when European resources in both finances and fathoms had been exhausted, ONR stepped in, bought *Trieste* at a bargain price, and moved the project to the Pacific.

The Piccards' dealings with the U.S. Navy appear to have been happier than with the French, despite the aforementioned flag incident and an ill-advised attempt by somebody in Washington to make the record descent an all-American one. Heaven help any navy that crosses a Piccard; Jacques piloted *Trieste* on her sixty-fifth dive, just as he had on all the others.

The present bathyscaph, the authors make clear, is only a primitive device compared to its larger and more maneuverable successors, whose design they discuss in a fascinating chapter. Yet already it has shown that we can reach every one of the ocean's 300 million cubic miles of "inner space."

And so a scientist from a shoreless country has given us the ultimate freedom of the seas—and opened up more new territory than all the explorers of the past added together. This book is a fine record of a great achievement.

The Final Mystery in a Molecule

"The Coil of Life," by Ruth Moore *(Knopf. 410 pp. $5.95), explains the codes that govern life's patterns. "The Nature of Natural History" is among Marston Bates's many books.*

By Marston Bates

DNA—deoxyribonucleic acid—is by far the most talked about, thought about, and worked on subject in biology today. It fascinates the biological mind much as evolution through natural selection did a hundred years ago. Chemists, physicists, and mathematicians are also apt to have DNA models in their offices, and these various kinds of scientists were all involved in the development of the present theory, are all concerned with the implications and with the ways in which further work can lead to increased understanding.

There are many differences between the situation in 1861 and 1961, even though the "breakthrough" into a new world of thought seems comparably exciting. For one thing, there is no single person standing as a symbol for the idea, as Darwin did for evolution. The development of scientific ideas surely depended as much on the interaction of many minds in the last century as it does in the present, but science has become a larger enterprise and the hero less conspicuous. For another thing, there is little basic controversy among the scientists involved, and no controversy whatever between scientists and other kinds of intellectuals. The other intellectuals have never heard of DNA—or if it is brought to their attention show a monumental lack of interest. This is the situation that Ruth Moore has set out to remedy by writing "The Coil of Life."

The molecular spirals of DNA in the nuclei of all living cells apparently carry the codes that govern the patterns of life—its continuity and its diversity. With these molecules and the system to which they belong we seem to have reached the fundamental physico-chemical mechanism of the living process. To provide background for the understanding of this, Miss Moore devotes the first half of her book to a historical sketch of biochemistry and genetics.

SHE starts in 1772 with Lavoisier and combustion: with the death of earth, air, fire, and water as "elements" and the start of the chemistry we know today. She describes Lavoisier's physiological experiments in some detail, since they were the first indication that respiration and combustion were aspects of the same phenomenon; and she manages to sketch Lavoisier's personality and to give a feeling for the nature and problems of science toward the close of the eighteenth century.

She discusses Bichat briefly, because of his discovery that the body was made up of a finite number of kinds of tissues, and his contention that these were more basic building blocks than the organs on which attention had previously been centered.

Then with Wohler and Liebig she goes back to chemistry and to the synthesis of urea, the first organic compound to be produced in the laboratory. After this she takes up the story of the cell, building largely on Schleiden and Schwann, who are generally credited with the "cell theory" in textbooks, but also sketching the work of Robert Hooke and Leeuwenhoek and several less-known figures.

Louis Pasteur gets a chapter, dealing principally with his work on fermentation. Miss Moore moves quite logically from this to the story of proteins, and especially enzymes, which was mostly uncovered by German chemists, and she organizes her account around the names of Fischer and Buchner. She then goes back to biology and the study of development from egg to adult, using Roux and Driesch as key personalities; then to De Vries and Mendel and the new understanding of heredity; and to Thomas Hunt Morgan and his students and the flowering of the science of genetics. All through this first half of the book Miss Moore has done an excellent job of relating bits from the history of chemistry and of biology that would be helpful in understanding the present excitement about DNA.

The second half of the book is concerned with people who are still very much alive, the work still in progress. The author starts with H. J. Muller and his discovery that mutations could be induced with X-rays, goes on to discuss the work of Beadle and Tatum on the chemistry of gene action and the work of the many people concerned with DNA, RNA, protein structure, and cellular organization.

OUT of all this the general reader will, I think, get a good understanding of the nature of this aspect of contemporary biochemical and biological research. Miss Moore is a journalist who has dedicated herself to the very important problems of the explanation of science in understandable terms, and she has succeeded very well both in her past books and in the present one. No scientist can quarrel with the result unless he is willing to try to do better, and I doubt whether any could.

Still, I wish Miss Moore had been a little less dramatic, even though she would have run the risk of being less readable. She is starry-eyed about science, and in the last part of the book she tends constantly to personify it: "science could propose," "science learned," "science saw." This may make it easier to explain the mechanism of DNA, but it hardly tends to promote the understanding of science as a human activity. It sounds so certain—so unscientific.

However, in "The Coil of Life" Miss Moore has tackled an extremely complicated and difficult subject, and she has mastered an immense amount of detail and explained it well.

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Censorship and Taste

By JOAN WINSOR BLOS, *associate, Publications Department, Bank Street College of Education.*

IT IS book night at Eastern Grammar School and the gentleman in the back row is restless. He doubts that frightening stories ever hurt anyone, thinks that children ought to be allowed to make their own choices, and wonders, in short, why all this fuss is made over books for kids.

At the outset let it be acknowledged that freedom in reading is a fine thing. However, if it has not been prepared for, it is more likely to lead to indifference and perplexity than to pleasure. It behooves parents to accept responsibility in this area just as they accept responsibility in matters relating to health, dress, and politeness.

With regard to books the parental diligence required to find the volumes that will illumine, instruct, or regale is inversely proportional to the age of the child. For the youngest children are the most impressionable, the most susceptible, and the most readily confused. The more children know and have experienced the less likely they are to be distressed or misled by books of poor quality. (Older children, like grown-ups, can read a certain amount of trash with impunity. And do.)

The often observed fascination of young children with "ghastly pictures and horrible passages" is sometimes cited as evidence that this is what they want. Be that as it may, need and want —or can make use of—are quite different matters. It may be that the fascination represents attempted mastery of an initially overwhelming stimulus. Perhaps the wanting denies the fear. However plausible, such *prima facie* psychodynamics do not provide sufficient basis for generalization. A far simpler reason for rejecting juveniles that shock in favor of those that strengthen is that children need strength and can do without artificial, adult-imposed excitement. It might be added that children also need knowledge and clarity of thought; breadth of imagination, human sensitivity, and a fine sense of humor. Books, like other forms of childhood experience, can contribute to the child's steady acquisition of these assets and attributes, and should be given accordingly.

When it comes to books, the grown-up exerts influence by what he withholds as well as what he offers. This is most directly demonstrated in the case of the pre-reader, who simply cannot "have" a book that an adult refuses to read aloud. (Although it is sometimes difficult, it is always possible to maintain this prerogative.) The complementary obligation is to offer books that are consistently enjoyable and interesting. The adult who is successful here is, not at all incidentally, laying the groundwork for the good taste in reading that will be the parent's best ally after the child is on his own. When that time comes, parents – and teachers and librarians—know that normal children may be seduced by the easy drama of comics, books with TV tie-ins, and the less-than-literary series books. But the adults can relax a bit now. From their own experience they know that children will find for themselves that the fullest enjoyment is found in the best books, and they realize that works of dubious merit are, like candy, to be limited rather than ruled out.

Now there are some people who say that what a child reads is his business. However, children's books are really Big Business; and passing judgment on children's books is not so much restriction of the child's world as a double-check on the work of adults. Every book, at every stage of its development, represents the literary skill and/or commercial acumen of some grow-up. Books do not get into bookstores or libraries by chance. They should not get out of them by chance either. The good bookseller or librarian will respect and appreciate the patron who seriously undertakes the process of making an individualized choice.

The gentleman in the back row has his hand up again. He wants to know if anybody sincerely believes that simple guidance of children's reading will produce a generation of high-minded, well-adjusted citizens endowed besides with impeccable literary taste. No, nobody thinks that. But there are many who feel about books as they do about music and school and all other experiences through which children grow and find pleasure. They believe it is up to the responsible adult to offer, when he can, the useful, the true, and the enjoyable.

YOUNGSTERS VENTURING into France or French will find some of the phrases in Sesyle Joslin's new guidebook useful, some elegant, and some, like the title comment—"**There Is a Dragon in My Bed**" (Harcourt, Brace, $2.25)—, sheer gravy. Clever line drawings by Irene Haas make even the most matter-of-fact words seem like *bons mots*. The book will please adults and seem uproarious to children earnestly engaged in language study. Ages 6 up.

"C'est moi"
say mwah
"It is I."

"Il ya un dragon dans mon lit"
eel ee yah uhn drah-gon' dahn mohn lee
"There is a dragon in my bed."

"Mon cheval a le vertige"
mohn shuh-val' ah luh vare-teezh'
"My horse is dizzy."

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THE HAT. *By Nova Rock. Illustrated by Mary Brooks. Warne. Unpaged.* $2.50. Mildly reminiscent of Little Black Sambo, this tropical adventure is about a boy, a boa, a baby, and a gorgeous, enormous, magnificent hat of straw. Warm illustrations present the banana plantation in which the story takes place, and its characters are drawn with affection that avoids caricature. Ages 4-6.

THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT. *Illustrated by Paul Galdone. Whittlesey House.* 32 *pp.* $2.25. As in "Old Mother Hubbard and Her Dog" and "The Old Woman and Her Pig," Paul Galdone has again set an old nursery rhyme against a gay, appealing pictorial background. Children will enjoy exploring the humorous details long after they have memorized the jingle. Ages 4-8.

BEGINNING WITH MRS. McBEE. *By Cecil Maiden. Illustrated by Hilary Knight. Vanguard. Unpaged.* $3. A cycle of good deeds begins, and ends, with Mrs. McBee. Very British, quite funny, and mildly moralistic. Ages 5-9.

HOORAY FOR CHOCOLATE. *By Lucia and James L. Hymes, Jr. Illustrated by Leonard Kessler. Scott.* 48 *pp.* $2.50. These easy-to-read jingles are at their best when they offer the last word on a childlike topic: "Hooray for the hot dog in a bun. Two taste twice as good as one." Unfortunately, there is an almost overtherapeutic talking-out in rhyme of all the interpersonal injustices in a child's day (prohibitions, spankings, nagging), while the few poems about pleasures involve only food, never people. It is impossible not to feel that the poems were intended partly to show adults how a child responds to constant prohibitions; most adults, however, could accept such a message more readily if their role were not described as almost totally negative. Ages 6-8.

JACK MACK. *By Robert Paul Smith. Illustrated by Erik Blegvad. Coward-McCann. Unpaged.* $2.50. For children who love to fool around with words, here is a satisfyingly silly book, the hero of which surrounds himself with rhyming accoutrements like a black sack, a toy train track, and a yak. Outrageous as the words are, they make a good text for early readers, who will enjoy the rhyming cues. Appropriately respectful and pleasant pictures of the eccentric Mr. Mack. Ages 6-8.

OUR NEIGHBORS IN INDIA. *By John C. Caldwell and Elsie F. Caldwell. Illustrated by Heidi Ogawa. John Day.* 48 *pp.* $2. Pointing out that in this jet age India is only one day away, the Caldwells have written for children as young as six or seven a book about India's life and people, including not only descriptions of the houses, food, clothes, schools, and pets, but information about the taboos against killing animals for meat, about poverty, and about the practice of cremation. Information for teachers and a glossary of Indian terms are appended. Ages 6-9.

LE LIVRE D'AMITIE. *By Margaret Wise Brown. Illustrated by Garth Williams. Golden. Unpaged.* 50¢. "The Friendly Book," long a favorite with young children for its funny, rhyming enumeration of the good qualities of such things as cars, trucks, and people, is now available in French. Like many of the other Golden books that can be ordered in Spanish and French, "Le Livre d'Amitié" should prove entertaining as well as useful to schoolchildren and adults in beginning language study. Ages 6 up.

THE SKY-GOD STORIES. OTWE. THE NA OF WA. *By Verna Aardema. Illustrated by Elton C. Fax. Coward-McCann. Unpaged. Each* $2. These three small books of African folk tales, presented in a relatively easy-to-read form, will acquaint children with new characters who move through age-old fairy tale plots: making foolish purchases that in the end bring good luck, performing almost impossible tasks, and finding magic helpers. One might wish that the black and white illustrations were less overwhelming in size. These excellent stories can stand on their own without such vigorous assistance. Ages 7-10.

A WILD GOOSE TALE. *By Wilson Gage. Illustrated by Glen Rounds. World.* 112 *pp.* $2.95. The grace and wildness of the geese shine through this story of a boy who accidentally was instrumental in changing a flock's wintering habits. A superb description of wild geese and their ways, exceedingly well illustrated. Ages 8-12.

THE MAJESTY OF GRACE. *By Jane Langton. Illustrated by the author. Harper.* 190 *pp.* $2.95. When Grace Jones, ordered to go back and wash her hands more effectively, stalks out saying, "I'll have you know you're talking to the future Queen of England," the presence of one of the most delightful characters in juvenile literature is established. Warmth and real laugh-aloud humor are present in equal and generous parts in this book, which should win the hearts of most girls and any boys sensible enough to look past the title page to find brother Will and look with him, astonished, at Grace's antics. Ages 8-12.

"WHAT THEN, RAMAN?" *By Shirley L. Arora. Illustrated by Hans Guggenheim. Follett.* 176 *pp.* $3.50. A deeply compelling story of a twelve-year-old boy's growth to maturity in a remote village in India, where new ideas are beginning to conflict with old customs. The author has succeeded in creating characters that are singularly believable. Ages 10-14.

THE STORY OF ANCIENT ATHENS. *By D. R. Barker. Illustrated by David Chalmers.* 63 *pp.* **THE STORY OF ANCIENT EGYPT.** *By Barbara Sewell and Patrick Lynch. Illustrated by David Chalmers.* 64 *pp. St. Martin's Press. Each* $2.95. These two volumes in a new series aim to make the daily life of the ancient world seem real to young readers. The texts are highly successful. Unfortunately, the crowded appearance of the pages, with their long lines of unbroken print, may keep children away from the books. Ages 10-14.

THE MOUND BUILDERS. *By William E. Scheele. Illustrated by the author. World.* 61 *pp.* $2.50. The director of a museum writes a straightforward account of the little-known prehistoric Indians of America. His lively black and white drawings are an integral and important part of the book. Ages 10-14.

SCIENTISTS WHO CHANGED THE WORLD. *By Lynn and Gray Poole. Illustrated with photographs. Dodd, Mead.* 164 *pp.* $3. A collection of seventeen thumbnail sketches of scientists in widely varying fields who shared the gift of creative, original thinking. The subjects were selected by polling more than 100 scientists and scholars, and the brief biographies are smoothly and unpretentiously written. Ages 12-16.

WATER FOR THE WORLD. *By Elizabeth S. Helfman. Illustrated by James MacDonald. Longmans, Green.* 213 *pp.* $3.75. A well-rounded discussion of the part water has played in the lives of people past and present. Conservation of available supplies and the creation of new ones through the use of ocean water are discussed. And in an interesting chapter the author tells of the symbolic meaning of water in literature and religion. Ages 12-16.

THE WORLD OF THE PHARAOHS. *By Hans Baumann. Photographs by Albert Burges. Drawings by Hans Peter Renner. Pantheon.* 256 *pp.* $4. Absorbing archeological material about the Pharaohs and their tombs and the great excavations. Though the story framework, involving long conversations between an archeological expert and a thirteen-year-old boy, is contrived and thin, this is one case in which contrivance does not seem to matter. Format, line drawings, and color photographs are exceptionally fine. Ages 12 up.

JESUS OF ISRAEL. *By Marchette Chute. Dutton.* 116 *pp.* $3. The social and political milieu in which Jesus grew is thoughtfully and carefully presented in this new biography. And he is placed, as he should be placed, in the context of Jewish history. It is all the more surprising, therefore, that this competent biographer has ignored the Biblical scholarship that has long since abandoned the theory that the four gospels were eyewitness accounts. The result is a fundamentalist view of a miracle-worker acting "in direct contradiction to physical law." Ages 14 up.

Besides Mrs. Blos, reviewers for this issue include Irma Simonton Black, Claudia Lewis, Betty Miles, and Ruth A. Sonneborn, all associated with the Bank Street College of Education Publications Division.

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Saturday Review

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Confrontation

AMERICANS who come to Southeast Asia fortify themselves with all sorts of pharmaceutical armor. Their little vials are like prancing medieval steeds; they carry their owners into battle against all sorts of marauding bacteria. One disease, however, the intrepid little pills cannot conquer. The disease goes by the name of compassion fatigue or conscience sickness. When it strikes, it produces a violent retching of the spirit with an accompanying severe upset of the moral equilibrium. At first the eyelids stretch wide open, then they narrow in a desperate effort to seek cover from an abiding reality. There is no prescription except to tell the victim to lower his gaze, then bundle him gently and send him home.

Over the years, on various trips to the Far East and Middle East, I have watched the newcomers as they arrived. At first, there would be the full flush of exciting response to a powerful new experience. They would be caught up in the dramatic discovery of conspicuously different cultures. But then something would happen. They would be confronted by the evidence that, for the most part, the world is not congenial to life in human form. Conditioned by a society of abundance, the newcomers would be plummeted out of the sky into an area where the primary mystery of life is not how it originated but how it is sustained. The newcomers would see men harnessed to wagons like dray horses; they are by far the cheapest form of hauling power available—cheaper than bullocks or horses and infinitely cheaper than trucks. Besides, human fuel requirements are far less costly than either engine or animal.

The newcomers would also see ten or twelve people or more sharing a single room—sometimes a shanty made of old crates or discarded tin. Some people either couldn't afford the flimsy crates or, finding them too crowded, would set up their frayed bedrolls in the streets. An American who worked for the United States Information Service in Calcutta told how shocked he was to stumble at night upon the sleeping form of an Indian on a sidewalk—and then to recognize him as one of the clerks who worked on the next floor.

To be sure, not all Americans are affected by compassion fatigue or conscience sickness. Many of them manage to make the adjustment. As would be expected in some cases, the initial blisters on the sensitivities become hardened, even calloused, through constant exposure. A few newcomers, however, achieve the seemingly impossible. They succeed in retaining their sensitivity without narrowing their field of vision or turning away from life disfigured by hunger. The secret of their adjustment lies in their ability to attach themselves to a useful enterprise. They make important connections with the surrounding reality. They invest themselves in the human situation as they find it, working in the social services on the personal level or through the established agencies. They find their energy in a sustained purpose.

SOON, countless thousands of Americans will be serving in remote places in the world as part of the President's Peace Corps. The success of their mission may depend less on their specialized training than upon their view of life. Their highly developed skills will be meaningless unless their emotional and philosophical equipment is right for the job. This does not mean that the highly sensitized individual need not apply. On the contrary, a capacity for sensitive response is a prime qualification. But it should be the kind of sensitivity that leads neither to the softness of retreat nor the hardness of acclimation. Instead, the proper sensitivity will find its outlet in the work itself, deriving its sustaining power from the fact of an attack on a difficult human situation. The key is confrontation and not solution.

Indeed, nothing is more essential than the need to separate one's assignment from the total problem. I met a young American who decided to quit India after only five months of service with a U.S. agricultural mission. "It's no use," he said. "You help one man only to discover fifty men standing behind him. Then you help fifty men and five thousand suddenly appear. You help the five thousand but what do you do about the five million behind them and the fifty million to follow? At some point along the line you decide it's hopeless."

Another American, an expert in hous-

The Woman at Banff

By William Stafford

WHILE she was talking a bear happened along, violating
every garbage can. Shaking its loose, Churchillian,
V for victory suit, it ripped up and ate
a greasy "Bears Are Dangerous!" sign.

While she was talking the trees above signalled—
"Few," and the rock back of them—"Cold."
And while she was talking a moose—huge, black—
swam that river and faded off winterward,

Up toward the Saskatchewan.

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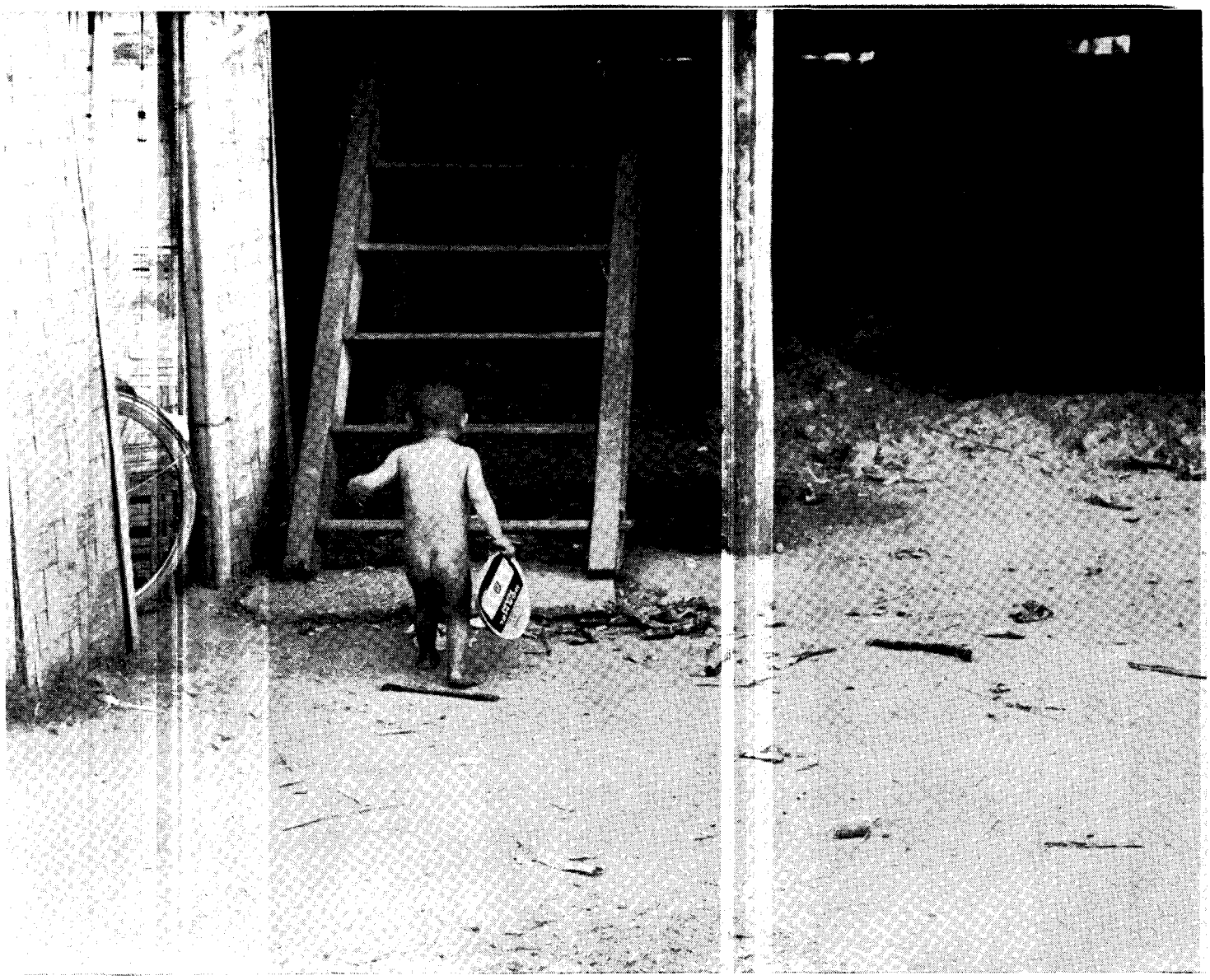

—*SR photos by N. C. (Retina IIIC).*

Nude ascending staircase in Laos—" . . . the dramatic discovery of conspicuously different cultures."

ing, confessed that he, too, was about ready to give up. "Few nations in human history have made more progress in putting up new housing units than India," he said. "Last year, perhaps six to eight millions of people were able to move out of the impossibly overcrowded rooms and into decent quarters. But during the same time ten million people were added to the population. The result is that the country is at least two million people worse off than it was a year ago. Can you imagine what the deficit will be ten years from now? How can you help but be discouraged?"

A young American doctor attached to a hospital in Bombay said he was doing everything he could to hold fast to his original purpose in coming to India. "I just wasn't psychologically attuned to the problems I would have to face. Back in the United States, a doctor never has to ask himself: 'Why try to keep this baby alive?' He concentrates all his knowledge and will power on the need to save a child and give him a chance for a normal life. But here, in India, maybe two or three hundred million people will never experience a single day free of hunger or sickness in their entire lives."

The fallacy in the reasoning behind these various positions is that each man wanted the evidence of some visible amelioration of the total problem before he could justify his own efforts. Another mistake, perhaps, was that each man underestimated the power of his own example to set others in compassionate motion. Each of these men was part of a total process of creative effort, the nature and scope of which were not wholly visible but were real and genuine nonetheless.

Finally, no one man involved in the vast and infinitely mysterious enterprise of reducing human pain really knows enough about the intangibles of social interaction to be pessimistic about the future. Progress proceeds out of elusive but vital fractions. Sudden spurts in the condition of a society come about as the result of small achievements with high symbolic content. The probability of such an upturn may be slight in any given situation. No matter. No one can take the responsibility for assuming it cannot happen. To do otherwise is to hold history in contempt. "I have tried," said Augustine, "to find the source of evil and I got nowhere."

It is absurd to attempt to define the conditions under which a man's discouragement or despair may be justified. An individual's sensitivities are as personal as his peristalsis. Yet it may not be unreasonable to point out that the acceptance of defeat in many cases may be premature. Much depends on the role an individual essays for himself. If he will be satisfied with nothing less than a visible and measurable result in a great cause, he may have to defer his triumph. But if he has a sense of total involvement and engagement to the

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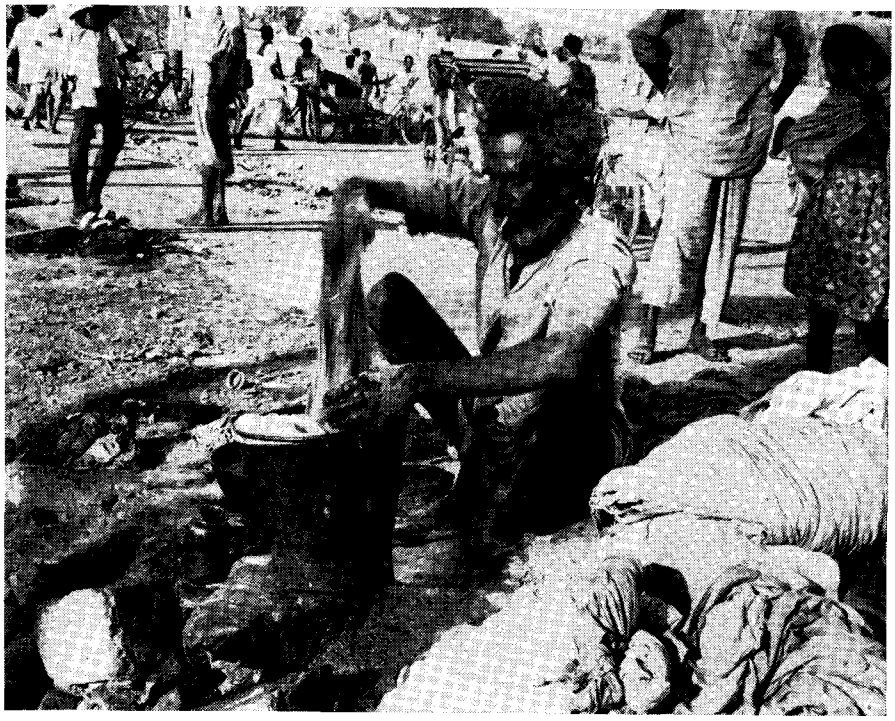
point of personal mobilization, then this is all that can be expected; this is all that counts in the moral reckoning.

Compassion is not quantitative. Certainly it is true that behind every man whose entire being cries out for help there may be a million or more equally entitled to attention. But this is the poorest of all reasons for not helping a single man. Where, then, does one begin or stop? You begin with the first man who puts his life in your hands and you continue so long as you are able to continue, so long as you are capable of personal mobilization. How to choose? How to determine which one of a million men surrounding you is more deserving than the rest? Do not concern yourself in such speculations. You will never know; you will never need to know. Reach out and take hold of the one who happens to be nearest. If you are never able to help or save another, at least you will have saved one. Many people stroll through an entire lifetime without doing even this. To help put meaning into a single life may not produce universal regeneration, but it happens to represent the basic form of energy in a society. It also is the best of individual responsibility.

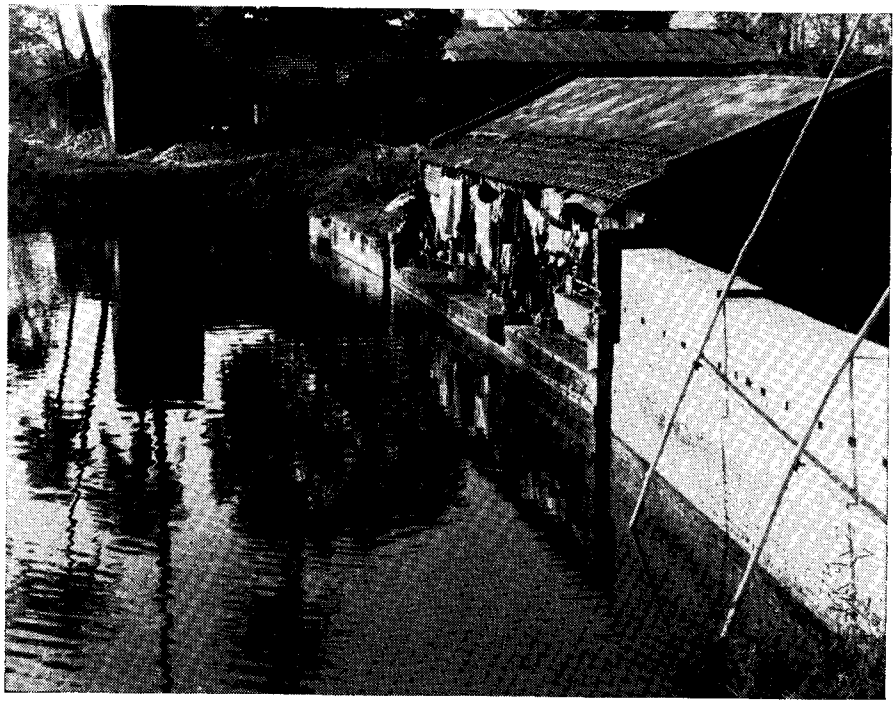
Albert Camus liked to quote Emerson's assertion that every wall was a door. "Let us," said Camus, "not look for the door and the way out anywhere but in the wall against which we are living. . . . Great ideas, it has been said, come into the world as gently as doves. Perhaps, then, if we live attentively, we shall hear, amid the uproar of empires and nations, a faint flutter of wings, the gentle stirring of life and hope. Some will say that this hope lies in a nation; others, in a man. I believe, rather, that it is awakened, revived, nourished by millions of solitary individuals whose deeds and works every day negate frontiers and the crudest implications of history. . . . Each and every man, on the foundation of his own sufferings and joys, builds for all."

—N.C.

"You help one man only to discover there are fifty men standing behind him."



"Begin with the first man who puts his life in your hands . . ."



Life on an Asian waterfront—" . . . a total process of creative effort, the nature and scope of which were not wholly visible but were real and genuine nonetheless."

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

JIM CROW (cont'd)

Since your February 9 issue, I have watched with interest the continuous influx of letters on John Ciardi's article "Jim Crow Is Treason." Although I am very much behind him on this matter, it is not the content of the article that prompts me to write, but rather the conciseness of it. Many thanks to Mr. Ciardi for pointing up a fact that is often overlooked: a worth-while theme does not always take a book.

Michael B. Nicolai.

Blue Island, Ill.

I have been noting with interest the comments on John Ciardi's recent article on Jim Crow.

It seems to me that all your correspondents, along with Mr. Ciardi, have missed the point. Mr. Ciardi has made the same error made by all those who worry about segregation because of the picture it paints of us in the eyes of the world.

I imagine that Jim Crow probably is treason. However, whether or not it is treason is immaterial. Segregation is not wrong because it is treason; segregation is wrong because it is immoral. Segregation is not wrong because it violates the laws and principles of the United States; it is wrong because, as Martin Luther King put it, it violates "the moral law of the universe."

John J. Tobin, Jr.
Department of English,
Miami University.

Oxford, O.

"Then go ahead and *do* better yourself. We could use a couple of thousand dollars."

CASE OF THE CAPSIZED CREST

Referring to your article and comments on the new book "Japanese Inn: A Reconstruction of the Past," by Oliver Statler [*SR*, Mar. 4], I would like to draw your attention to the fact that the Crest of Toyotomi Hideyoshi was printed upside-down.

Christel W. Schoch,
Permanent Mission of Japan
to the United Nations.

New York, N. Y.

Editor's note: *SR is glad to set the record and crest straight.*

MYTH AND MYSTERY

Granville Hicks's curious review of Edward Wagenknecht's "Nathaniel Hawthorne: Man and Writer" [*SR*, Mar. 4] is less an attack on Mr. Wagenknecht than upon a whole trend of contemporary Hawthorne scholarship, concerning which the reviewer is strangely obtuse. An enthusiastic review of Mr. Wagenknecht's book by so recognized an authority as Perry Miller praises the volume as "a blast of fresh air" for the very qualities Mr. Hicks deplores.

Mr. Hicks admits the substantial justice of Mr. Wagenknecht's findings but he cannot bring himself to accept the results. He acknowledges that scholarship, such as Randall Stewart's on Hawthorne's Salem period, proves popular notions of Hawthorne to be myths, but then ignores the implication of such studies. He wrings his hands and sighs for the old witch-doctor conception of Hawthorne, which never existed save in the minds of uninformed persons.

Mr. Wagenknecht's point that humanity normally is neither simple nor commonplace is what the reviewer really seems to object to. Sentimentally preferring to think of Hawthorne as "mysterious in a peculiar and wholly notable fashion," Mr. Hicks refuses to acknowledge that the artist may be unusually aware of the "unfathomable mystery" of "every man's heart," as Mr. Wagenknecht puts it, yet not necessarily be a man "apart" in the peculiar sense of not participating in universal mysteries. Apparently Mr. Hicks finds it impossible to believe that a normal man can be a genius. By the same reasoning he implies that a normal marriage must be a commonplace one, and that a profound sense of evil has not traditionally characterized the most religious of men.

Finally, a book that takes us factually into Hawthorne's experience with the heart, the world, and moral truth hardly will obscure or confuse our sense of the writer of "The Scarlet Letter."

John H. Hicks,
Department of English,
University of Massachusetts.

Amherst, Mass.

MIRACLE WORKER

Quentin Reynolds, reviewing "Padre Pio" [*SR*, Mar. 4], argues that skeptics bear the burden of disproving the author's claims about Padre Pio's miraculous cures rather than the other way around. This is an interesting thesis today, for it disappeared with belief in witchcraft for rational men. The reasoning behind miracle cures lacks all the requisites of a scientific hypothesis. It is an eat-your-cake-and-keep-it theory, explaining all possible consequences of any given trial. If a patient is cured he is rewarded for his faith; if not, he lacked sufficient faith.

The tragedy is that credulity should still rank as a virtue in an era when the survival of civilization depends on man's outgrowing religious superstitions and tribal loyalties.

C. W. Griffin.

Denville, N. J.

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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Theatre Into Film

SIEGFRIED KRACAUER, in his new, basic "Theory of Film" (Oxford, 1960), makes a point that might well alarm cinematic purists, but has long needed not merely clarification but statement. A film, Kracauer says, "may acquire a cinematic quality provided its technical execution testifies to a sense of the medium." He promptly adds, quite properly, that such a film is less cinematic than one devoted to camera reality, which is the very essence of motion pictures. But the recognition that technique can impart a sense of film to even a theatre-based work is something that few estheticians have been able to grasp or willing to admit. They are all too prone to dismiss all adaptations as "canned plays," and by so doing deny to the medium a vast area of human experience.

In all fairness, it must be admitted that in most instances they are right. Plays are generally brought to the screen with a literalness, an adherence to theatre staging, that transforms them into monstrosities. Movie audiences watch in a stupor as characters mouth their lines and make their gestures to a static, inflexible lens. Directors, more concerned with performance than with the camera, permit shots to run for minutes on end without change of position, relationships, or visual accents. The motion picture medium, robbed of its dynamics, degenerates into a mere reproduction of another art form—and a decidedly inferior reproduction at that.

But it is the exceptions that the estheticians are unprepared for, those pictures that, despite their stage origins, achieve a cinematic validity with precious little alteration. Such an exception is the David Susskind-Philip Rose production of Lorraine Hansberry's **"A Raisin in the Sun."** As directed by Daniel Petrie, and performed by Sidney Poitier, Claudia McNeil, Ruby Dee, and most of the play's Broadway cast, it transcends the limitations of its single set and its three-act construction. And this is achieved not by opening out the play (although three new scenes carry the action beyond the four walls of the Youngers' shabby flat), but rather by playing each shot for its full dramatic weight and intensity, and by permitting the camera to probe each scene for the utmost revelation of character and milieu. Petrie's camera is constantly on the prowl, stalking his people or receding before them, cutting now to one face or another for a reaction or a word of protest. And somehow, despite the restrictive, even oppressive setting, Miss Hansberry's fine play comes glowingly alive.

To film "Raisin," Mr. Petrie—another of the young talents developed by television—worked largely with "master shots." But with an important difference. Where most "masters" tend to be rather static long shots that cover all the action in a given scene, Petrie will start in close on a dialogue between two players, hold tight on them as they move about the room, then open out only when additional characters enter into the action. There is, in other words, considerable camera mobility to begin with. To this are added the accents of close-ups, inserts, cut-aways—fragmentary glimpses that afford sudden insights into the emotions of everyone involved in the scene or that assert, in Kracauer's favorite phrase, the "physical reality" of the scene itself.

Actually, it was with the performers in mind that Petrie developed this technique. Realizing that his picture would stand or fall on the quality of the acting, that performances would have to override what was, in Miss Hansberry's adaptation of her own play, essentially an uncinematic script, he went for long takes in which his actors could build the momentum of a scene. The main effort was to draw from each member of the company his peak performance.

AND in this, he has succeeded beyond belief. Sidney Poitier, always a splendid actor, rises to new heights as the tormented, ambitious Walter Lee who, at the play's finale, "comes into his manhood." With never a false move, he projects all the pride, the hurt, the frustration, and, ultimately, the dignity of a race-conscious Negro. His is one of the few fully realized character portraits ever to come onto celluloid, and one of the most moving. Scarcely less affecting is Claudia McNeil's mother role, although her work is more studied, less spontaneous—and, it might be added, less demanding. Her physical demeanor alone suggests the tower of strength that she represents in the Younger household, while the writing builds such sympathy for her that only a novice could destroy the part completely. And Miss McNeil, who has played the role ever since it opened on Broadway, is clearly no novice. Ruby Dee, on the other hand, brings a quiet beauty and great charm to the more complex (and not so fully developed) role of Walter Lee's pregnant, pragmatic wife. Ivan Dixon is enormously effective as a young African student smitten with Walter Lee's sister; and John Fiedler, the only white in the cast, neatly manages to keep this side of caricature his subtle delineation of a Good Neighbor emmisary delegated to keep Negroes from becoming good neighbors in a white neighborhood.

Despite all this, however, it is still Miss Hansberry's play that makes this an important and memorable movie. Here, for the first time, is the new Negro on the screen. Not *a* Negro fighting for his rights against the intolerance or injustices of society; but an entire family that has become aware of, and is determined to combat, racial discrimination in a supposedly democratic land. Walter Lee is summoned by his employer over a loudspeaker system. His wife must work in kitchens. His mother learns that rents in the white neighborhoods are lower than in the Negro ghettos. His sister, who wants to be a doctor, must fight for her education. Naturally, there is bitterness here. But there is also hope—the hope for a better life, the hope for a better world.

Nor, praise be, are the Youngers depicted as paragons of all the virtues. Walter Lee lies and cheats for the money that, he hopes, will set him up in the liquor business. He bickers with his wife, his sister, his son. The wife would prefer an abortion to bearing a loveless child. The sister turns on Walter Lee with animal ferocity when she learns that the money she had counted on to see her through medical school is gone. But through it all seeps an awareness that these people, essentially so decent, have been warped and distorted by a lack of money, a lack of job opportunities, a lack of proper housing, a lack of equality as human beings. It is their humanness that shines through this film; and one feels, as it closes, that he has been wrenched away from people he has come to know, and admire, and perhaps even to love.

"A Raisin in the Sun" is not a perfect film. By its very nature, it could never be. The first half-hour, before the characters and situations begin to grow, seems excessively talky, and one becomes uncomfortably aware of the dangerous compromise between stage and screen. But thanks to Mr. Petrie, thanks to Miss Hansberry, thanks to a modest but marvelously apposite score by Laurence Rosenthal, and above all, thanks to incandescent performances from the entire cast, the picture rises above its limitations to become even more affecting and effective than the play on which it was based. Perhaps the final thanks should go to David Susskind for daring to bring to the screen so controversial a theme while it still is controversial.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Wonders Great and Small

IN HIS dramatization of Morris West's novel "**The Devil's Advocate,**" Dore Schary has attempted to provide two things. The first is a demonstration of how a passionless priest can regain the intensity of faith necessary to die in a state of grace; the second is a suspense story in which little by little the mysterious facts surrounding the life of a candidate for sainthood are uncovered.

While the latter story is moderately effective, what really concerns us is its effect on the priest who is investigating the case. For it turns out that the factors that influenced the "saint" in his crucial decisions are, at the moment of their discovery, just what the priest needs in his own quest.

This frequently makes for absorbing theatre, even though the play doesn't fully avoid the cut-up quality that comes from having to present so many narrative sequences. Nor can it completely escape the cumulative ponderousness that goes with any play which deals with noble and sanctified figures.

Fortunately the play is leavened with some very impious characters, including a "saint" who has had an illegitimate child, a priest who drinks, another who is more interested in material prosperity for his parish than in building more churches, an agnostic Jewish doctor living in sin, a nymphomaniac contessa, and a young homosexual painter. Fortunately, too, the play stays away from dogma as much as possible, allowing us to see the priest as a man.

Leo Genn, as the cancer-ridden priest, performs with restraint this underwritten role, which requires that he spend a large amount of his time suddenly being hit by spasms of pain, or listening in humility. Sam Levene as the hard-bitten doctor manages to be both colorful and deeply human. Michael Kane is uncompromising in his defense of the homosexual's position against the church. And Olive Deering finely suggests the obsessive lust of the contessa. Edward Mulhare plays the "saint" as a statuesque fanatic, an attitude that serves the purpose, even if it does not fully convince us of his humble responsiveness to the human condition.

Jo Mielziner's cleverly devised method of changing the scenes keeps the action moving swiftly, and the over-all result is a challenging and substantial evening.

Arnold Wesker's "**Roots,**" which opened at off-Broadway's newest playhouse, the Mayfair, at 235 West 46th Street, is stimulating and genuine theatre and well worth the considerable demands it makes on the audience's patience. It should be particularly enjoyed by those who like the plays of Clifford Odets, which this British play somewhat resembles.

WITH her new hit, "**Mary, Mary,**" Jean Kerr has served up two almost constantly funny hours of her own brand of comic verisimilitude. She begins with an excellent situation. A divorced book publisher named Bob is planning to remarry, when he discovers that his income won't permit the luxury of paying alimony to one wife while trying to support another. But instead of letting this basic situation trigger the play's events, Mrs. Kerr switches to something less original. The ex-wife, Mary, is courted by a handsome movie actor. This makes Bob jealous, and his jealousy in turn makes him realize he still loves her. The latter plot would make a good one-act play, but stretched out over three acts it seems thin and halfhearted.

Possibly this is because many of today's romances in the sophisticated book-publishing world seem based less on great passions than on the ability of mates to fill each other's incidental needs. And in describing these incidentals, Mrs. Kerr is remarkable. The humor and accuracy of the lines and the reactions of her characters to any situation keep us laughing, and at the same time make us say to ourselves that the minor dilemmas of these people are just the sort of thing we all spend more time coping with than with the so-called bigger issues of life.

Barbara Bel Geddes brings her formidable quizzical quality to the part of Mary. Barry Nelson stays amusingly irritated for three acts as Bob. Michael Rennie makes a suave but never phony movie star. John Cromwell is quietly apoplectic as the practical tax man. And Betsy von Furstenberg, using both her prettiness and her vague way of knowing much more than you'd expect, manages to make plausible the bowing out of Mary's competitor.

Joseph Anthony's direction is sure and Oliver Smith's setting is attractive and workable. In short, the quality of the detail work in "Mary, Mary" will keep you entertained for much longer than this meager story has any right to do.

—HENRY HEWES.

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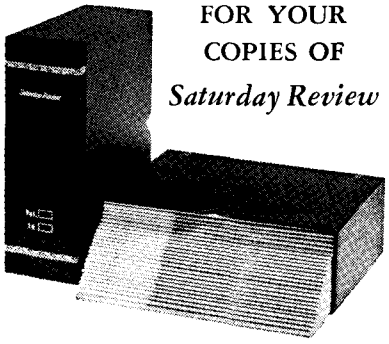

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TV AND RADIO

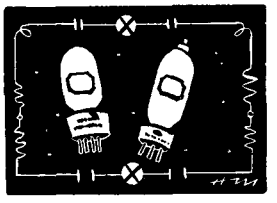
Mr. Hagerty's New Broom

TWO NETWORKS, CBS and ABC, have recently had shakeups in their news and public affairs departments. Palace revolutions in broadcasting are usually caused by deep, competitive currents flowing through the industry. The current pace-setter in television journalism is NBC with its powerful Huntley-Brinkley combination. CBS seems to have lost its traditional lead to the NBC team. ABC, a relative newcomer to the big league, was not a heavyweight in news; it first had to make its impact in the entertainment sector of its schedule. What CBS plans to do in its new bid for leadership is not yet known. Jim Hagerty, ABC's new Director of News and Public Affairs, has been on the job long enough (since the inauguration) to have formulated some ideas. He revealed them in a recent talk at Oberlin, Ohio.

Mr. Hagerty said he is in favor of documentaries that deal with controversial problems. He wants to build a world-wide staff of reporters who speak foreign languages and are trained for the coming phase of TV that will use earth satellites. He thinks that the networks (including ABC) have not done "as good a job as they can do" in presenting the news. The chief weakness, according to President Eisenhower's former press chief, is the newsman with the "well-modulated voice and nice-looking face" who doesn't participate personally in getting the news but merely relays it from the studio, where he is time-bound all day preparing his script. Mr. Hagerty wants to have Washington, for example, covered by a team of specialists handling individually the White House, the State Department, and the hearings and activities in the Senate and House.

The new ABC News Chief's ideas are vigorous and welcome. He betrays, however, a lifelong newspaperman's lack of knowledge about the broadcasting news business and about electronic (particularly TV) journalism. A newspaper is composed of many unrelated stories from which the eye of the reader selects one at a time to pursue. Even so, they are all given greater or lesser prominence by editors who are also newsroom-bound to wire services and legmen. A newscast, by contrast, is a single, total experience which perforce must also be organized and its stories weighted differently for the listener-viewer. This is an editor's job: this is what the "well-modulated voice and the nice-looking face" essentially is. And the key to the editor's role (whether it actually be the newscaster or a behind-the-scenes producer or writer) is his judgment of what is newsworthy, his handling of the story, his ability to put it in context and to give it significance as well as currency.

An editor cannot be a reporter at the same time. The time-bind is the price for getting a paper out regularly or putting a show on the air five nights a week. Mr. Hagerty's projected specialist reporters will have to have an editor also—an anchor man. In the competitive struggle of the networks for news audiences, the image of the familiar, likable, authoritative editor is what the sponsor buys. You can't sell anonymity on the air, no matter how brilliant. The pattern of broadcasting, historically, is the trusted figure you welcome in your



living room as a habit. Broadcasting has never been able to escape the ikon. Since we must have the regularly exposed personality, the important thing becomes the *quality* of the figure. This is at the root of the network struggle. Huntley and Brinkley happen to fit the modulated voice and the nice-looking description. Most TV figures seem to meet these requirements (note the changing images of Presidents, announcers, even comedians—all are the junior executive type). But this is not what has won the NBC team its distinction. The sharpness of their editing is what has done it—their willingness to state a viewpoint and their capacity to have one that means something.

Mr. Hagerty has some good notions but he is mistaken if he thinks that corporate specialization (wasn't that the last Administration's formula?) is the exclusive key to improved network journalism. The great newspapers and the better TV news departments have been made not by administrative schemes but by the selection and robust support of newsmen with candor, integrity, and heart.

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

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Challenge in Latin America

Continued from page 15

hope the authors appreciate my objectivity as a Spanish exile whose country is held gagged and chained by what is in fact a military totalitarian dictatorship.

May I also suggest that the Porter-Alexander "definition" of democracy is rather a description than a definition. "Democracy, as we understand it," they write, "consists basically of two things: the right of the majority of the adult population to choose their leaders; and the right of the minority to continue to function legally, to attempt to become a majority." That is a description that I of course accept. But as a definition I prefer one I once heard from the Belgian Socialist Senator de Brouckère: "Government by public opinion."

I do not put forward this alternative out of sheer pedantry, but because it leads me to my third line of criticism, this time covering both works. I refer to their somewhat negative attitude toward Spain and Spanish culture and history. It is too readily assumed that because the Latin American peoples were not ruled in the viceregal days by means of parliaments, there was no democracy then in the King of Spain's American realms. But a glance at the documents shows that the "realms beyond the seas" were ruled by public opinion to a considerable extent, and that a viceroy who tried to govern in defiance of public opinion risked riots and possibly his life.

I mention this fact because, to my deep regret, I find that both books repeat pseudo-facts or half facts which I have tried elsewhere to set right with the help of firsthand documents and, at times, of the works of first-rate American scholars in the field of Spain's history in America, such as Professor Hamilton for financial, and Professor Irving Leonard for cultural affairs. One still has to read, in the Porter-Alexander book, that "Spain, Portugal, and France never forgot for one moment that the purpose of the colonies was to provide wealth for the mother-country" (and similar statements appear in "Social Change"), when the facts are far from supporting such sweeping statements at all. There were no Spanish "colonies" in the New World, but kingdoms with autonomous governments, and the balance between the interests of the European and of the American kingdoms worked at times one way and at times another. How else could Latin America have remained, until the economically disastrous wars of emancipation, a rich congeries of communities whose common currency, solid gold pesos, was sought all over the earth as the world trade currency?

Neglect of Spain is even more remarkable in "Social Change." Its authors might at times have saved themselves a good deal of trouble by plainly putting down as Spanish a number of features they laboriously describe as mestizo. This is so particularly in the otherwise fascinating studies on Peru (by Allan R. Holmberg) and on Bolivia (by Richard W. Patch). When they insist on opposing "mestizo" culture to Indian culture, since after all every feature of the difference is due to the fact that the mestizo has absorbed Spanish culture, they inevitably obscure and blur the contrast. There is, all in all, in this excellent book, a regrettable neglect of the Spanish roots of the problem. After all, Spanish America can no more be understood without reference to Spain than "Hamlet" without reference to the Prince.

Is there in this a more or less subconscious anti-Spanish bias? One might be tempted to suspect it in reading the lively and well-informed essay on Mexico by Oscar Lewis, and in observing the gusto with which he describes the growing Americanization of the country. His silence over the strong stimulus received by Mexico from the considerable contingent of Spanish exiles she received during and after Spain's civil war, a sociological phenomenon of the first magnitude, would tend to confirm it. His statement on the Mexican-Spanish complex is far too simple: "The Spaniard is still the symbol of the oppressor, and no statues of Cortés are allowed in the country." Here again, an insufficient insight into mestizo psychology is at work despite the psychiatric varnish with which it is liberally covered. The true relation is one of love-hate, and I could, if space and time allowed, embroider on this with quaint and fascinating facts.

I prefer to devote the space to a wise quotation from Richard N. Adams's essay on Guatemala: "When we cooperate with other nations, we do not expect the French to become less French, the Indians less proud of India's distinctive role, or even the Egyptians to be less Arab. Yet, inadvertently or intentionally, we often convey the impression that Guatemalans and other Latin Americans ought to seek a gringo Utopia. This impression has been created partly by positive actions, but perhaps more by a failure to define and follow through a policy towards social change that would demonstrate a genuine interest in and respect for the values which are cherished by the Latins themselves."

I pass on now to my last line of criticism. I could take as an example any one of the six essays. I shall, however, concentrate on that of Professor Adams to state my point. The essay—excellent though it is in many ways—begins with a historical review which, though correct enough in general terms, seems to me to miss the two chief points: the role taken by the United States in the expulsion of the Arbenz government from power, and the precise part played by the United Fruit Company in the affairs of Guatemala. Indeed, while the

"There goes my absentee ballot."

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essay begins on page 231, it is not until page 272 that the words United Fruit Company appear. We read on page 268: "Ignoring the more enlightened behavior of American business concerns in recent years, the Communists and their allies found in their earlier policies the necessary fuel for inflammatory agitation." But shouldn't we, the readers of this book, have been told about those earlier policies, since they may be, after all, the causes of present resentments? The name of one "American business concern," the United Fruit Company, comes out at last in this sentence: "As a boost for the new government of [Washington's friend] Castillo Armas, the United Fruit Company turned over a large part of its Pacific coast properties to the colonization program." With due respect, I must point out that this description of the relations between Guatemala and the United Fruit Company reminds me of the picture of a hump floating between two waves, with the caption: THE MONSTER OF LOCH NESS.

WHY this caution? This half silence? It could not possibly be attributed to lack of insight into the problem. The acumen and the courage of the rest of the essay are of the very first order. Professor Adams can write as clearly and courageously as this: "Since the downfall of the Arbenz regime the activities of the United States in Guatemala show evidence of a change in outlook and purpose. Since 1954 the newspapers no longer have occasion to report that the American Ambassador has insulted the President of Guatemala. U.S. officials no longer reject even the principle of agrarian reform as dangerous to private property and American interests. Nor do U.S. technical-aid missions push through their programs in the face of contrary arguments advanced by Guatemalan officials. In the pre-Arbenz period, all these things were happening. Many North Americans would explain this change of approach by pointing out that the Guatemalan government is no longer Communistic. This, however, is at best a dubious answer and certainly not the whole answer."

Or again: "The flight into exile of many people who had served under previous governments also deprived the country of much of its experienced personnel, while many who joined in the undignified scramble for spoils were not well qualified for their new posts." This is a fairly clear admission that the best men in the country were not acceptable to or ready to work with the man picked by the United States to rule Guatemala. Professor Adams does not mince his words, and his ideas are both generous and practical. It is the more strange to observe his caution in the historical part of his essay.

But the most glaring case of this tendency to conformism comes from another spot in the book. Mr. Patch has devoted a brilliant essay to the plight of Bolivia and the statesmanlike way in which the United States has dealt and is dealing with it. Yet, from the letter sent to President Eisenhower by the Students' Federation of Chile, he quotes a paragraph to the effect that if the United States "had become a satisfied nation which fights for the maintenance of the established order in Latin America," U.S. policy would logically aim to protect the privileges of "a thin layer of the population which controls the power and wealth, surrounded by an ocean of poor people for whom the *social order* means little or literally nothing. If the injustices of today are all that Christianity or democracy can offer this continent, no one should be surprised if the best children of these nations turn toward Communism seeking those elementary needs which they lack and which are the essentials to morality and civilization: food, shelter and education."

Mr. Patch goes on to relate that President Eisenhower replied: "At once I recognize that you are giving serious thought to hemispheric and world problems; that some of your critical claims are justified; but that other statements indicate a serious lack of comprehension of United States positions and responsibilities." But Mr. Patch continues: "He spoke out more strongly to a group of U.S. citizens in Santiago: 'And then I have heard it said that the United States supports dictators. This is ridiculous. Surely no nation loves liberty more, or more sincerely prays that its benefits and deep human satisfactions may come to all peoples than does the United States.' "

PROFESSOR Patch adds as his own comment to these words of President Eisenhower: "Latin American students, many as familiar with U.S. history as their North American counterparts, do not doubt the President's words." One reads and reads again and rubs one's eyes. One remembers the complaisant attitude of the Eisenhower Administration and of the President himself towards Somoza, Rojas Pinilla, Pérez Jiménez, Perón, and, last but not least, Franco and Trujillo, and one wonders. Yet it would be unfair to the author to jump to the wrong conclusions. Read on and you discover that he is on our side. Undoubtedly. Those words about not doubting the word of the President were but a bow to the White House, a kind of Japanese "honorable" decorating the criticism that is to follow. But was it strictly necessary?

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Berg Out of Schoenberg Out of Wagner

WITHOUT Karl Doench as the doctor and minus the direct supervision of Herbert Graf, the Metropolitan's revival of Alban Berg's "Wozzeck" is not quite all that it was in its original production of two years ago. But with Hermann Uhde once more a masterful embodiment of the miserable "hero" and under the knowing musical direction of Karl Boehm, it came back into the repertory well disciplined to take its place almost uneventfully between "Turandot" and "Bohème" (in a week which also included "Elektra").

This, to be sure, is something historic: but it is the kind of thing which had to come about, sooner or later, if the work is to exercise the influence, come to have the appreciation which those who believe in it think it should. Among these, surely, is Rudolf Bing, who has given it the best of what he has. Sometimes—as in the case of Michael Manuel's dubiously "operatic" adaptation of Graf's more stylized staging—it is not all that Berg merits (especially in the synthetic impression of Marie offered by Eleanor Steber); but it proved, perversely, that Berg's enduring strength is superior to the transitory weakness of some of his interpreters.

Strongest among them, undoubtedly, is Boehm, who left his ailment (an eye operation from which he has been recovering in Vienna) behind him to notch a little deeper the niche he carved for Berg's work two seasons ago. "Wozzeck" is a work of bitter power and ironic humor which cannot be deprived of its impact and mounting tension merely because a performer (or two or three) is less than ideally apt. Miss Steber could be commended for getting out the notes Berg wrote for Marie mostly on pitch and in accurate rhythm, but it is hard to believe in a character who insists on refering to the illegitimate product of her mating with Wozzeck as "my bahstard son." Nor can all her hip-swinging counter the clear conclusion that she is, under it all, a nice normal American girl . . . or at least a nice one.

But Uhde's mechanistic walk (the artful embodiment of the *Untermensch*), his dryly toneless but always precisely controlled vocal delivery, and his decisively inflected English enunciation are the essential elements from which a conductor with Boehm's command of the score can weld a compact center of artistic gravity. As it unfolds, "Wozzeck" comes to the attention as not only the greatest of Berg's limited circle of works, but also as the one and only "Mahler opera."

In the fulness of time, when Schoenberg is remembered as a craftsman who forged a link rather than a creator who built a bridge from one phase of music to another, it may be recognized that "Wozzeck," with its sardonic snatches of street songs and military band music, its dreams and agonies, its sublimation of the commonplace into the universal, is more strongly derived from Gustav than Arnold. Perhaps there is, after all, more significance in Berg's dedication of his violin concerto to memory of the widow Mahler's deceased young offspring (by Gropius) than is commonly understood.

Beyond Uhde and Boehm, the effective efforts of the evening (which went on despite the apathy of much of the subscribing but nonparticipating audience) were mostly in the swaggering Drum Major of Kurt Baum, somewhat less in the overaccented Captain of Paul Franke, and least in the Doctor of Ralph Herbert. Rather than putting the emphasis on Wozzeck as the one needful of treatment, as Doench did, Herbert's Doctor left the impression that, perhaps, he needed diagnosis more. These blurred outlines made the original incision of the Metropolitan "Wozzeck" a deeper, keener cut on the mind than its repetition; but it struck a nerve, nevertheless.

By contrast, the long-awaited repetition of Schoenberg's "Gurrelieder" by the Philadelphia Orchestra under the direction of Leopold Stokowski, who directed its introductory performance here thirty years ago, proved one of two things: either those who remembered that occasion with some affection had changed, or the work had. To a degree, both were true, for the score was performed in the reduced orchestration of Erwin Stein, the choral displacement was lessened, and the function of the narrator was reduced. But, for all that, the evidence is clear that what used to be thought of as the high point of Schoenberg's early style was more truly the low point of Wagner's late style. The meaningful music is almost wholly a patchwork of "Parsifal" and by-products; the "cement" that holds it together now crumbly and dry.

None of this, however, should lessen the value of the project sponsored by the Philadelphia management, or the effort put forth by Stokowski, whose week of weeks in New York included a Thursday "Turandot" as well as the Tuesday "Gurrelieder" (both managed despite his accident-induced need for crutches!). His excellent choice of soloists included, in Margarita Zambrana, a soprano of power and intensity, an assured tenor in Rudolf Petrak (why isn't a man of his range and physique singing Wagner, at least the lyric roles?) and a sturdy, if hardly opulent, voice for Waldtaube's music in Nell Rankin. George Hoffman sang the bass music of Bauer, and Thomas Hageman the second tenor's (Klauss-Narr). The program book evaded the issue of German *vs.* English text by providing neither.

A strong contemporary strain ran through the other orchestral events of the week, with Leonard Bernstein wholly at ease and easily at home with the Philharmonic in Hindemith's rather gritty "Concert Music for Strings and Brass" (Opus 50), Stravinsky's imposing "Symphony of Psalms," and the always insinuating "Daphnis et Chloe" of Ravel (the latter performed at full length, with the Schola Cantorum); and Charles Munch depicting Milhaud's "Création du Monde" as much more a French-derived than a jazz-influenced score in a Boston Symphony matinee which offered Joseph Silverstein as soloist in the second concerto of Prokofiev. The latter left his place at the third desk of first violins to play a deft, wholly composed, artistically conceived version of the solo part. Indeed, Silverstein made it sound almost too easy, for his commitment was much more with mechanics than with emotion.

Munch adapted the orchestral values shrewdly to the soloist's good but rather slender sound, more to the advantage of Silverstein than Prokofiev.

Among the week's operatic happenings were the debut of Nerina Santini, a young Italian soprano, as the Gilda of a Saturday night "Rigoletto," and Teresa Stratas's first Liù in "Turandot." Miss Santini's sound is more notable for control than it is for quality, for it tends to be wiry rather than resonant. She was, otherwise, a conventional Gilda in a conventional "Rigoletto" (Formichini and Merrill). As might have been anticipated, Miss Stratas sang the music of Liù with lovely vocal quality and much pathos; but her dramatic resources are not yet sufficiently developed to offset the diminutive figure she presents.

—Irving Kolodin.

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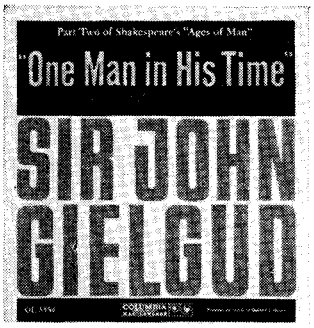

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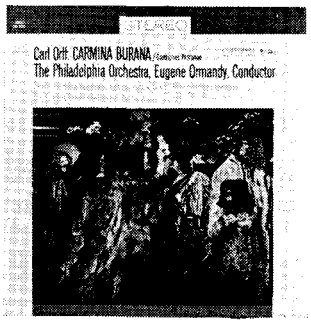

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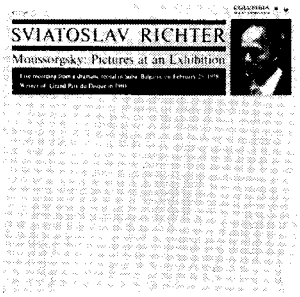

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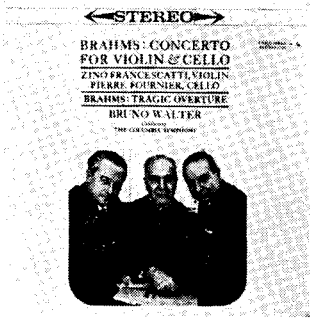

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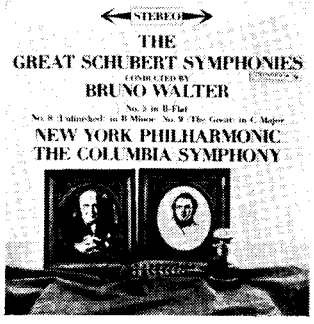

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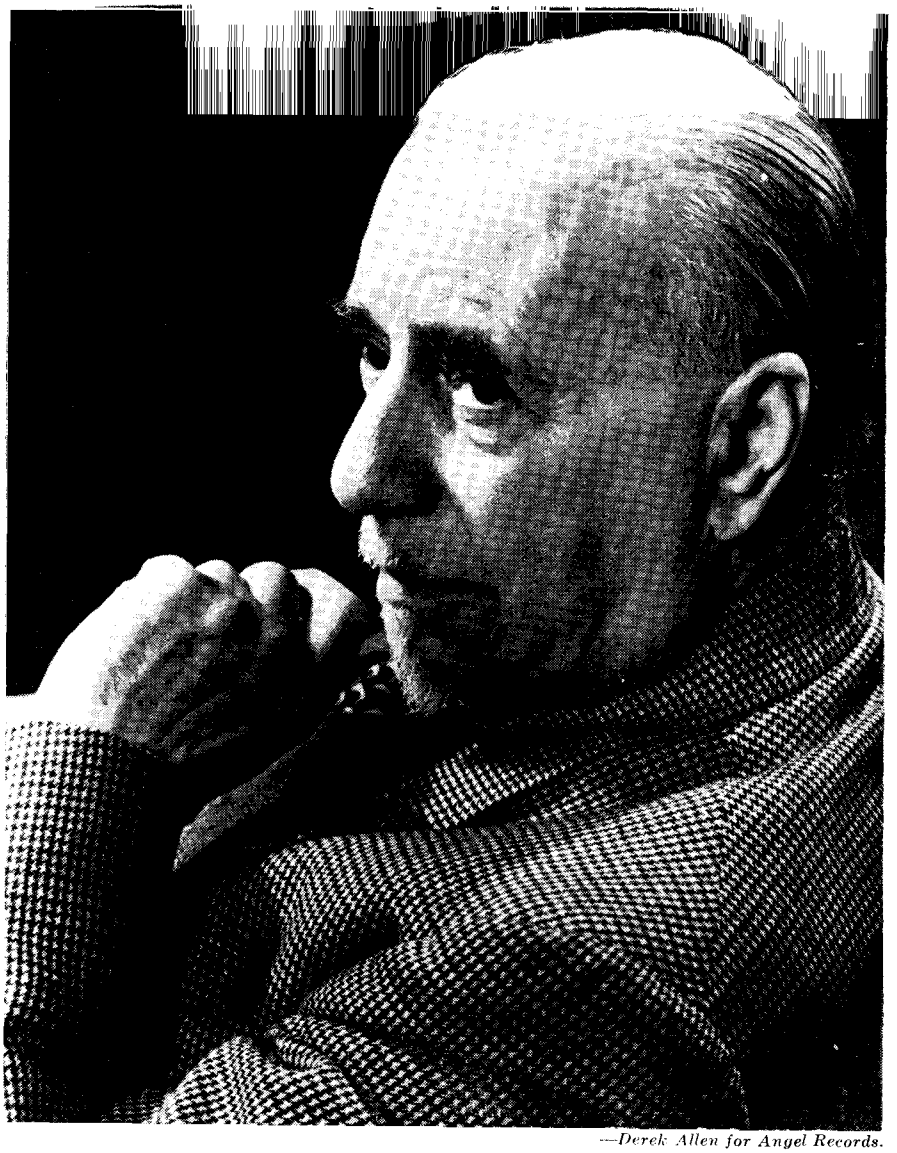

—Derek Allen for Angel Records.

THE MEASURE OF BEECHAM

By IRVING KOLODIN

FOR SO unconventional a life as Sir Thomas Beecham's, a conventional obituary is neither possible nor desirable. We mourn his recent death in London at the age of eighty-one for the projects it forecloses, the prospects it leaves incomplete, for the pure pleasures of the spirit now denied from a source that seemed inexhaustible. These are selfish sentiments, as most such expressions (acknowledged or unacknowledged) are bound to be. But it would be unworthy of a man to whom the trite was an abomination and the sentimental an abhorrence to be either trite or sentimental about his life and death: he had a decade plus the allotted three score and ten, and in these "extra" ten years he did some of his most memorable work. To say that Beecham lived a full life would be a gross understatement. If there were any ways of making a life fuller of work and pleasure, he was certainly the man to find them. Moreover, if he made a pleasure of his work, he also made a work of his pleasure. Thus, it is less surprising that he died at eighty-one than that he lived to be eighty-one. Clemenceau, it is reported, once said "War is too important to be left to the generals." Beecham's career exemplified his attitude that "Music is too meaningful to be left to the professionals."

He could always be scored as an amateur, by the professionals to whom his standard of performance was irksome or whose superiority defied their analysis. He was not unaware of such allegations, and usually replied to them by ticking off the educational benefits he enjoyed as the son of a rich man who founded the first Beecham (Joseph) Opera Company, and the grandson of a man who took him to Covent Garden for Wagner's "Siegfried" in the Nineties. If "amateur" describes one who loves his subject so much he would devote his life to it even if he were unpaid, then Beecham was an **amateur.** It is, perhaps, the measure of his accomplishment that one who started out spending huge sums of money to persuade the English they were a music-loving nation—he created the first fine orchestras in London as well as the highest standard of opera it ever knew—*acquired so much authority* and public esteem that he commanded, worldwide fees equal to those expected by the professionals.

AND Sir Thomas always gave good value, whether it was in the concert hall, the opera house, or on a phonograph recording. Into each endeavor went something of his indomitable spirit and quirkish turn of mind. Considering some of his youthful colleagues on a recent visit to New York, he remarked: "The trouble with the young conductor nowadays is that he never

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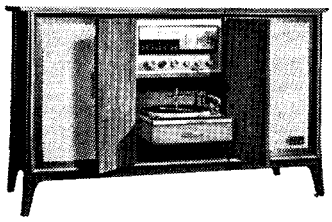

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conducts really bad orchestras. If they had to start out by telling the players what they wanted them to do, and how to go about doing it, they would really learn how to conduct. As it is, they are spoiled by practising on expert players, whom they can hinder but cannot help!"

For those who knew him from the span of orchestral activity that began in New York in 1928, the brightest memories are attached not to the gleaming performances he gave with the New York Philharmonic or the Philadelphia or with his own Royal Philharmonic when he brought it here for a tour in the early Fifties, but to his appearances with the WPA orchestras of the Thirties or other impromptu ensembles of the early Forties. Rag, tag, and bobtail though they were—in terms of the highly skilled professionals of our more celebrated ensembles—they shared one compelling distinction with him: a desire to play music. Perhaps it was with a view to achieving his objectives with such players, as well as with the more skilful sort, that Beecham's performances were always played from his own meticulously marked parts, so that the bowings and accents that went into the effects he required needed the least possible verbal exposition.

AS A product of the English deputy system (which he fought against with all his will, with intermittent but never permanent success), Beecham was always keenly conscious that rehearsal played an important part in the results, but it was neither the whole, nor perhaps even the most important part. What, after all, was the purpose of all-out preparation in circumstances that produced the famous anecdote (known to, if not invented by, Beecham) in which a conductor says to the oboe player: "Why don't you play it as I told you to yesterday?" Oboe player: "Sorry sir, I wasn't here yesterday." Conductor: "Then be sure to play it that way tonight." Oboe player: "Sorry sir, I'm not playing tonight." Thus, something always had to be "left for the evening," an electric charge to galvanize the forces at his command (whether or not they were exactly the same with which he rehearsed) to mold them into fulfillment in the heat of performance.

Needless to say, such conditions did not prevail with the Royal Philharmonic, which he created after the war (in succession to the London Philharmonic, the Beecham Orchestra and others, which were meant to assure his musicians continuous employment, thus removing the necessity for "deputies" when a better-paying job turned up elsewhere), but the attitude of mind, the mode of procedure remained. Partially a matter of temperament, it may also have embodied practical psychology: a musician not quite sure of a conductor's intention may give him an extra, valuable measure of attention. Or, perhaps, induce a state of anticipation that would cause an indifferent performer to play better than he really knew how.

OUT of that early bondage developed attributes that served him insuperably well in his later years of travel, of musical vagabondage to Mexico and Australia, to our own Northwest, or to South America. For reasons of its own (Beecham always attached them to the frank appraisal of the orchestra given to its then president Marshall Field, at his request, in the mid-Forties), the New York Philharmonic did not choose to invite him as guest in recent years. Thus his appearances here lately, when not as a visitor with the Philadelphia Orchestra or his own Royal Philharmonic, were likely to be in somewhat the same condition of vagabondage, with such players as the moment provided, whatever the name the ensemble happened to bear. It was of one such group that he said: "It is useless to rehearse any more. The more they rehearse, the worse they play."

For some performers, this would have been equivalent to a confession of defeat or, at the least, to a striking of the flag of quality. But with Beecham it was neither: rather, it was a rational appraisal of a given problem, a reasoned approach to the desired end. That the results were, in most circumstances, well worth listening to was the pragmatic proof of the uneaten pudding: that for this purpose, in these circumstances, this procedure solved the basic problem—getting something out of the music—better than any other approach would have.

For, with Beecham, "getting something out of the music" was not a means to an end—such ends as making a living, becoming rich or famous, the usual impulses for a career. He didn't have to make a living, he was born rich, and he could have been famous just by being his father's son. It was, rather, the end in itself, as it always should be and too often is not. "Getting something out of the music" was the motivating impulse of his life from one day to the next, whether it was in the recording studio, the opera house, the concert hall, or just visiting a friend's house, sitting down at the piano and playing a bit of Schumann that had come into his mind. "Not the greatest of composers, perhaps," he would add, "but one who expressed a certain intimacy of emotion better than anyone else."

In ranging over the broad field of his experience, Beecham was more apt to dwell on the doleful and the merry things that came about here, there, or elsewhere, rather than on triumphs or honors. Such as the servants in "Elektra" who, for the only time in the history of the opera's performance, came on twice. "I say," said Beecham, continuing to beat time as he leaned over to his concertmaster, "haven't we had those chaps before?" "It could never have happened in Mozart," said Beecham, by way of esthetic footnote, "but in Strauss, nobody in London knew the difference. It sounded the same as the rest of 'Elektra.'" If this suggests a frivolous approach to his craft, the incident is incompletely understood. I can think of few conductors of his stature who would participate in a Mozart bicentenary at the University of Illinois (Urbana) by conducting the "Requiem" with a student orchestra and vocalists on one evening, the D major Divertimento (K.131), the Symphony No. 31 ("Paris"), and the second act of "The Marriage of Figaro" on another. The level of effort he applied was the same as he would have supplied at Glyndebourne, Covent Garden, or the Piccola Scala: if the human material at Urbana left some of the letter of the score unfulfilled, the spirit—Mozart's, and the listener's—soared. Both incidents, with the errant messengers in London, with the possibly erring students in Urbana, bespoke the same civilized attitude toward life and the pursuit of perfection that brought out the best of all those who worked with him.

IN SUCH context, he recalled, as one of the best flute players he ever knew, a gentleman named Walker. "We had been making a tour, in which night after night this fellow had played beautifully in Rimsky-Korsakoff's 'Flight of the Bumblebee,' taking a bow and getting to be quite proud of himself. On return to London we took on a recording of the Scherzo from Mendelssohn's 'Midsummer Night's Dream.' After about the fifth go we got a really superb performance in which Walker played the whole sixty-four-bar passage without seeming to take a breath. But before the microphone was cut off a 'player in the rear' exclaimed rather loudly, 'Arise, Sir Bumble,' We never got as good a performance again."

The celebrated English clarinetist Reginald Kell (whom Sir Thomas hired while he was still a student at the Royal Academy of Music) spoke the players' view of it in these pages, in the course of a Beecham survey occasioned by the first American tour of the Royal

(*Continued on page* 56)

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Opera à la Bolshoi

By VICTOR SEROFF

OPERA FANS who for years have been waiting in vain to see and hear Tchaikovsky's "Pique Dame" ("The Queen of Spades") will be pleasantly surprised by a new recording from the Bolshoi Theatre (MK 207 C, $17.98). There are not many operas of such magnitude so little known to the American public. "Pique Dame" has not been performed here since 1941 when it was presented by the New Opera Company, or, prior to that, in 1922.

This recording is as good as any so far made at the Bolshoi. If the cast cannot boast bright new stars, it still gives a highly qualified performance directed by A. Melik-Pashayev, the well-known conductor of that opera house. The singers should be praised for their impeccable diction and the orchestra for its first-rate playing. Perhaps in parenthesis I should mention that one of the principal roles, that of Yeletsky, is sung by P. Lisitsian, the Russian baritone who was heard in recital at Carnegie Hall, and as Amonasro at the Metropolitan last spring when he came as part of the "cultural exchange" program. The other members of the cast, so far as I know, have not been heard outside Russia.

It has always been puzzling that "Pique Dame" never made its way to the stage in the Western world, although in the repertory of Russian opera houses it has always kept its place along with "Eugene Onegin," Tchaikovsky's most popular opera. In fact it is even more puzzling since the music is in no way inferior to that of "Eugene Onegin" (Hermann's and Lisa's arias are as popular on concert programs as those from "Eugene Onegin"), and as for the libretto—the psychological problem of the plot is much stronger, its dramatic appeal more direct.

P. Lisitsian—appeared in New York.

The story was taken from Pushkin's story of the same name. The hero is of the romantic type like Manfred, or Werther, or Lensky in "Onegin." This time he is a young lieutenant, Hermann, a passionate gambler who falls in love with Lisa, the granddaughter of an old countess famous in St. Petersburg for being lucky at cards. The countess was nicknamed "The Queen of Spades" (Pique Dame), and it was said that she possessed the secret power of three cards—their combination accounted for her infallible success. Hermann is determined to marry Lisa, but he is poor and to acquire the necessary wealth through gambling he manages to see the old countess alone in her bedroom. But when he threatens the old woman in an effort to force her to reveal her secret, she dies.

Later Hermann is haunted by the ghost of the countess, who orders him to marry Lisa and who names for him the three cards: three, seven, and an ace. At the gambling table Hermann wins twice, but when he stakes everything on the third round he turns up, instead of the expected ace, the Queen of Spades. He loses everything, including his mind, and stabs himself to death. Hermann's love for Lisa, which is conquered by his passion for gambling, is interwoven into this melodramatic story.

Tchaikovsky considered this work a masterpiece. In fact, he made the following statement: "It seems to me now that the history of the world is divided into two periods: the first consists of everything that happened since the creation of the world up to the composition of 'Pique Dame.' The second began last month." He wrote the opera in six weeks in 1890, and was so engrossed in his work that besides shedding tears over the plight of both Hermann and Lisa, he actually was afraid of the ghost of the Queen of Spades. His hope that his creative fervor and enthusiasm would find an echo in the hearts of his audience has been gratified ever since the first performance in St. Petersburg on December 19, 1890. But it remains to be seen whether this Bolshoi recording will kindle a great interest in the opera outside of Russia.

Rimsky-Korsakov's "Tsar Saltan" (MK 206 C, $17.98), also composed after a Pushkin fairy tale, is another opera practically never performed outside of Russia, and therefore also very little known. I am willing to wager that many performers of the famous "Flight of the Bumblebee" do not know that it is not a bumblebee flying from one flower to another, but the young Prince Gvidon, who, disguised as a bumblebee, flies back to his father Saltan and into the kingdom from which he and his mother were exiled. Recalling the story of Cinderella, this charming fairy tale about two jealous sisters causing the banishment of the beautiful and virtuous queen has a happy ending in which the wicked are punished and the good are glorified. In his score Rimsky made extended use of the *leitmotif* and of well-known folk melodies. This work too, which is a mixture of the fantastic and the realistic, sparkles with choral and orchestral numbers extremely well performed by the Bolshoi Theatre under the direction of Vassily Nebolsin.

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Mannheimers from Bohemia

By HERBERT WEINSTOCK

UNDER the title "Musica Antiqua Bohemica," Artia has issued six imported records of music by Bohemian composers. The fifteen composers represented cover the eighteenth century and spill over into the nineteenth: the earliest of them, Frantisek Vaclav Mica, is said to have been born in 1694; the latest—Haydn and Beethoven's friend Anton Reicha—died in 1836. The twenty-seven compositions range from symphonies and solo concertos through horn trios and flute quartets to organ solos. None of them is without charm; a few of them have prime historical meaning and genuine musical distinction. By far the best pieces in the collection bring us the styles and manners of that symphonic hatchery, the "Mannheim School."

The influence of the Mannheimers on the evolution of the classical sonata still is disputed, but no one questions their importance in developing the eighteenth-century symphony and solo concerto. Initiated after 1745 by Johann Wenzel Anton Stamitz (1717-57; represented here by his delicious "Spring" Symphony in A major), the Mannheim techniques helped to create the modern symphony orchestra, its ways of performing, and the compositions that thus could be played. In the great dying glow of baroque polyphony (Handel and Bach both were living when Stamitz went to the court of Karl Theodor, Elector of Pfalzbayern), the Mannheimers made possible the next great musical style. They accomplished this by placing melody-carrying violins at the center of the orchestra, by largely denying themselves the resources of fugue and imitation, by making real prestos possible, and by introducing such novelties as long, swelling crescendos, sudden changes in volume, brief complete silences after climaxes of volume, tremolos, broken chords, and themes called *Raketen* (rockets) that consisted of broken chords played one after another swiftly across a wide range of pitch. Without these innovations, the symphonies of the late eighteenth century could never have been what in fact they became. None of the Mannheimers was a great composer, but they all labored mightily to elaborate the symphonic-orchestral idiom that great composers were to adopt and adapt to great ends.

Franz Benda—"benefits greatly from the supple artistry of Jean-Pierre Rampal."

Bohemia in the eighteenth century was much more nearly an integral part of Western Europe than is the Czechoslovakia of today. Before the efforts of the leading Czech nationalist composers, such as Smetana and Dvorak, the language of Bohemian music was one dialect of the language spoken by the Austrian, German, Italian, and French music of the era—for Bohemian musicians traveled far and often. The folk-derived colors that we have come to think of as typically Czech had not emerged into composed music when the works on these records were written. Much of this music altogether lacks nationality. Much of it, too, justifies Leopold Mozart's sharp comment on the "*vermaniriete Mannheimer gout*" (mannered Mannheimer taste). But it often achieves grace and loveliness of proportion. And when one of these composers rises above his own commonplaces and those of his contemporaries, he may produce music of delightful expressiveness.

TO choose among so many compositions played by so many different soloists and ensembles is difficult. Each listener to these twelve LP sides well may discover his own favorites among them. I find special rewards in a remarkable Concerto for Bassoon and Orchestra in C major by Johann Anton Kozeluch (1738-1814) as played with amazing lightness of touch by Karel Pivonka, bassoonist, and the Prague Symphony Orchestra under Vaclav Smetacek, and in a D major Flute Concerto by Anton Fils (or Filtz, 1730-60) as played by Oldrich Slavicek, flautist, with the same orchestra and conductor. The four symphonies—by Georg Benda (1722-95), Frantisek Vaclav Mica (1694-1744), Stamitz, and Josef Mysliveczek (1737-81)—are played exquisitely by the Prague Symphony, Czech Philharmonic, and Prague Chamber Orchestra, variously conducted by Vaclav Talich, Vaclav Smetacek, Otakar Trhlik, and Martin Turnovsky. Flute concertos by Franz Richter (1709-89) and Franz Benda (1709-86) benefit greatly from the supple artistry of Jean-Pierre Rampal as soloist and Milan Munclinger as conductor of the Prague Chamber Orchestra.

Curiosities rather than appreciable musical accomplishments are the flute quartet and horn trios of Anton Reicha (1770-1836). Enthusiasts for minor organ music well may extract more than I can from solos by five composers played on three Prague organs by Miroslav Kampelsheimer, Jiri Ropek, and Milan Slechta. But I believe that most listeners will find special delights in an E flat Clarinet Concerto by Frantisek Krommer-Kramar (1759-1831) as played by Vladimir Riha, clarinetist, and the Prague Symphony under Smetacek, and in a G minor Harpsichord Concerto by Georg Benda as played by Zuzana Ruzickova, harpsichordist, and the Prague Chamber Orchestra under Vaclav Neumann.

MUSICA Antiqua Bohemica, then, proffers an unusual opportunity to hear clearly sounds from a peripheral, largely forgotten musical world. The records (which carry Supraphon numbers A 19 037, A 19 040, A 19 039, A 19 035, A 19 033, and A 19 024, and are priced at $6.98 each) are packaged in individual albums of sturdy cloth, each decorated with examples of Bohemian art in full color, each including a booklet of admirable notes in quaint but perfectly understandable English translation. The recordings, of unspecified dates, are monophonic, and were made well, with constant adaptability to the special characteristics of the pieces in hand. Altogether, these six records represent an admirable idea handsomely carried out. Composers represented but not mentioned above are Josef Ferdinand Norbert Seeger (1716-82), Jan Zach (1699-1773), Karel Blazej Kopriva (1756-85), Johann Baptist Wanhal (1739-1813), and Frantisek Xaver Brixi (1732-71).

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Recordings in Review

Bloch by Bernstein

BLOCH: *Sacred Service ("Avodath Hakodesh"). Leonard Bernstein conducting the New York Philharmonic Orchestra with Robert Merrill, Dr. Judah Cahn, Rabbi, and the choirs of the Metropolitan Synagogue and Community Church of New York.* Columbia MS 6221, $5.98.

Those who recall the Philharmonic's performance of the Bloch "Sacred Service" last spring as one of the notable events of Leonard Bernstein's musical direction will find a confirmation of their esteem in this surpassingly fine recording. Others may add it, sound unheard, to their shopping list with the assurance that its values transcend time of creation (1933) as well as the sectarian credos that motivated it.

Like other great examples of liturgical creation in the Western tradition from Palestrina to Poulenc, a work of devotional character may command participation and elevate the spirit by sheer esthetic power, without respect to the parochial purposes it embodies. In his pioneering endeavor (he was the first composer of eminence to set the Jewish sacred service), Bloch succeeded almost too well; for how often can such a score be heard in its totality (with orchestra), or with a vocalist of the qualities of "cantor" Merrill?

Thus there is a double measure of gratitude due to Bernstein for the effort embodied in this revival (the work had not been performed in a New York concert since its composition); for the light it sheds on one of the greatest works of a composer whose ample measure of recognition nevertheless did not fully honor his accomplishments, and the warmth it will communicate wherever this recording is heard. Beside it, Bloch's own version of 1950 for London is but a sample of the values it really contains. For, in addition to the strength and richness of Merrill's singing, the compulsion Bernstein commands at his best is channeled to the mainstream of the music with no digressions or excursions. And perhaps because he was simultaneously concerned with blending voices and orchestra, the sound of the Philharmonic is purer, more resonant than it has sounded on a good many of his orchestral recordings. The totality is much enhanced by spacious, open-sounding reproduction.

—*Culver.*

Ernest Bloch—"succeeded almost too well."

Hyphenated Handel

HANDEL-BEECHAM: *"Love in Bath." Excerpts from "Parnasso in Festa" (Nos. 1, 3, 7, 10, 21, and 22), "Rodrigo" (Nos. 2, 11, and 17), "Il Pastor fido" (Nos. 5, 6, 14, 15, and 20), "Ariodante" (No. 16) and a wind band movement (Nos. 12 and 18). Sir Thomas Beecham conducting the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra with Ilse Hollweg, soprano.* Angel S 35504, $5.95.

If parts of this exquisitely fashioned chain of dance movements strike a reminiscent chord, it is not because they are known to us in their original form (how many have had the opportunity to hear "Parnasso in Festa," "Rodrigo," "Il Pastor Fido," or "Ariodante"?) but because "Love in Bath" is another name for "The Great Elopement." Either way it is a still unperformed ballet concerned with the reasonably possible but wholly imaginary activity of such far from fictional persons as Elizabeth Linley (whose portrait by Gainsborough makes a delightfully appropriate cover decoration for this issue), Richard Brinsley Sheridan, and Beau Nash.

As previously recorded with the London Philharmonic Orchestra, "The Great Elopement" was represented by less than a third of the twenty-two sections offered here (RCA Victor LM 1093). Among those easily identifiable are the charming "Love Scene," borrowed from "Il Pastor fido," and the sprightly hornpipe from the same source (to which Beecham added a quotation from Arne's "Rule, Britannia" as a mischievous coda). Included in the dozen or so others are "Un sospiretto d'un labbro pallido" (also from "Il Pastor fido"), delightfully sung by Miss Hollweg.

If the reader is statistically minded, he will notice that the tabulation above does not credit sources for No. 4 (a Hunting Dance), No. 8 (The Plot), No. 9 (The Weary Flunkies), No. 13 (Sarabande), and No. 19 (Interlude). Doubtless it is these to which annotator Robin Golding refers in his statement "Musical detectives will no doubt have much satisfaction in discovering the sources of the few remaining movements." But, as the same gentleman has said a paragraph earlier, "A good proportion of it ["Love in Bath"], let us face it, is pure Beecham," the conclusion would have to be that these sections are purer Beecham, less impure Handel, than the others.

Valletti, Disposed

PAISIELLO: *"Nel cor più non mi sento";* PERGOLESI *(?): "Nina";* GIORDANI: *"Caro mio ben";* CACCINI: *"Amarilli";* GLUCK: *"O del mio dolce ardor";* MARTINI: *"Plaisir d'amour";* DONAUDY: *"Vaghissima sembianza," "O del mio amato ben";* ARR. BY QUILTER: *"Drink to Me Only," "Believe Me If All Those Endearing Young Charms";* DELLO JOIO: *"There Is a Lady Sweet and Kind";* ARR. BY QUILTER: *"Blow, Blow, Thou Winter Wind";* RACHMANINOFF: *"The Isle," "In the Silence of the Night";* GRIEG: *"I Love Thee," "A Dream." Cesare Valletti, tenor, with Leo Taubman, piano.* RCA Victor LM 2540, $4.98.

There are several kinds of singing in this collection, ranging from the highly artistic efforts customarily associated with Valletti in his native Italian to some less skilful ventures into English, but nothing to explain why the "indisposition" cited for his nonappearance in the Metropolitan's revival of "L'Elisir d'Amore" in November should have lengthened into a season-long exclusion. By the evidence of this Town Hall recital on October 28, 1960, Valletti was in full command of his well-known faculties, and he looked like a man in prime health when last seen (in early February).

So far as vocal objectives are concerned, Valletti is as concerned for the creative welfare of Dello Joio as he is for Paisiello, but he could have accomplished his purpose better had he waited till his English enunciation is more idiomatic than it was as of last fall. This has nothing to do with scholarly application to the right sound, but rather to the temptation, hardly re-

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sistible for an Italian, to elide such a phrase as "for eternity" (in the English text of the Grieg) into "fureterny." And "kiss" and "charms" are twisters that require a more disciplined tongue than Valletti yet musters in English.

But as a succession of meaningful, highly professional performances, the whole Italian sequence and perhaps half of the English side are instructive as well as rewarding. Leo Taubman makes his presence felt at the piano.

Auvergne, Plus Canteloube

CANTELOUBE: *"Malourous qu'o uno fenno*," "Lo Fiolaire*," "Bailero*," "Chut, Chut," "La Delaissado," "N'ai pas ieu de mio*," "Lo Calhe*," "L'Aio de Rotso*," "Ound' onoren gorda*," "Obal, din lou Limouzi*," "Lou Boussu," "Oi Ayai," "Passo pel Prat*," "Lou Coucut," and "Brezairola*." Netania Davrath, soprano, with orchestra conducted by Pierre de la Roche.* Vanguard VSD 2090, $5.95.

Hardly had the wish been expressed (*SR*, Jan. 28, 1961) that someone augment the good effort by Lucie de Vienne Blanc (in her unaccompanied performance of characteristic songs of the Auvergne) by recording them with the orchestral accompaniments of Joseph Canteloube than news of this enterprise put us once more in Vanguard's debt for a worthy addition to the recorded literature. Especially as it does not merely duplicate the repertory of the original Madeleine Grey album (or its LP counterpart) but adds some unfamiliar material to it.

The ten that are common to both collections are indicated by the asterisks beside the titles above. Thus Miss Davrath omits one of Grey's eleven ("L'Antoneno"), and adds five others. A number of these she sings almost ideally well—such as "Lo Fiolaire," the insinuating "Bailero" (one of the most beautiful tunes ever invented by anyone, known or unknown), and the concluding "Brezairola" ("Lullaby"). This kind of intimate, restrained expression strikes my ear as the natural, congenial inclination of Miss Davrath; when she undertakes something more animated, and extroverted, it doesn't come off quite as well. However, for a young singer making a first venture into a literature quite unlike any other, Miss Davrath shows remarkable musical sensitivity and no little aptitude for the strange dialect. Certainly she should be encouraged to pursue the subject further.

Pierre de la Roche supervises a good blending of Miss Davrath's voice with the fragrant orchestration of Canteloube. (No orchestral ensemble is identified.) However, Elie Cohen (who directed the Grey recording) made more of the composer's suggestion of the primitive than de la Roche does. Highly satisfactory reproduction.

Brahms by Eto

BRAHMS: *Sonatas (Nos. 1, Opus 78, and 3, Opus 108). Toshiya Eto, violin, with Brooks Smith, piano.* Decca DL 710030, $5.98.

Considering the long exposure of Japan to the classical music of the West and its celebrated popularity in that land, it is hardly surprising that performers of real quality are beginning to emerge from that background. Vocalists are by no means uncommon (there have been few better Butterflies, on their small lines, than Tamaki Miura and Hizi Koyke), but instrumentalists of first quality have been slower in coming.

As he demonstrated in his Carnegie Hall recital of half a dozen years ago (1953), Toshiya Eto has all the violinistic qualifications to attain such distinction. He produces a sonorous, even-textured sound from the instrument; his excellent tutelage at home has been productively supplemented by studies at the Curtis Institute with Efrem Zimbalist (whose one-time contemporary, friend, and violinistic colleague Toscha Seidel left a name as well as memory behind after his Japanese visit of the early Thirties).

How these are equated with the requirements of Brahms is another matter. There is nothing at fault in these performances that could not be found in the playing of some equally gifted colleagues of Eto's age (whatever their places of origin)—a little lack of breadth, impact, and profundity in the D minor, a tendency to see mostly the alluring surface of the G major. But along with these shortcomings (temporary, no doubt) there are freshness, conviction, and artistic impulse which promise much for Eto's years to come. Brooks Smith, who has shared a platform with the life-sized Jascha (Heifetz), is both pacemaker and companion in these performances with the diminutive Toscha (Toshiya). Very good reproduction.

Entremont Plain

DEBUSSY: *"Reflets dans l'eau," "L'Ile joyeuse," "Danseuses de Delphes," "La Sérénade interrompue," "La Cathédrale engloutie," "La Danse de Puck," "Minstrels," "Deux Arabesques," "La plus que lente," "La Puerta del Vino," "Général Lavine," "Feux d'artifice," and "Clair de lune." Philippe Entremont, piano.* Columbia MS 6214, $5.98.

Philippe Entremont—"qualities that have earned him honors."

After a variety of efforts to establish himself as a virtuoso in the Hungarian manner (Liszt Concertos 1 and 2), the Norse (Grieg), and the American (Rachmaninoff "Rhapsody" and Concerto No. 2), Entremont has acknowledged the fact that he is, after all, a product of French heritage, teaching, and conditioning, with results that are the happiest to date for him. Possibly he may demur that "everybody" plays Debussy, but the "bodies" that can produce his kind of sonority and finely controlled dynamics in this literature are in far from oversupply.

To my taste, Entremont is at his best in the dreamy introspection of the "Reflets dans l'eau," "La plus que lente" and "Clair de lune" kind. Here his tonal output and the requirements of the music are always well adjusted, the resonance of the piano a pool that mirrors the images (hardly the shapes) of Debussy's creative vision.

He becomes rather overinvolved in mechanics when he engages a work on the scale of "L'Ile joyeuse." Perhaps all the requirements are, latently, in his equipment, but the problem of mounting an attack and at the same time maintaining an organic structure in the music drive him a little more than his control can sustain in good order. Even so, there are positive qualities in this, as well as the other performances, which give one the impression, for the first time, of hearing Entremont plain, and discerning the kinds of qualities that have earned him honors and acclaim since the Long-Thibaud competition in 1953. Highly agreeable piano sound.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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RECORDINGS REPORTS I: ORCHESTRAL LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Beethoven: Symphony in E flat, Opus 55. Otto Klemperer conducting the Philharmonia Orchestra. Angel S 35853, $5.98.	Of the innumerable kinds of "Eroicas" the phonograph has provided in thirty years, this is probably the first that could be described as Mozartian. Klemperer clearly has made up his mind to turn his ample back on all the strivings for dramatic expression which have animated such distinguished contemporaries as Toscanini, Walter, Kleiber, Mengelberg, Furtwaengler, Walter, Reiner, Szell, Scherchen, *et al.*, and produce something in which "the music speaks for itself." However, there still has to be an evaluation of *how*: and I find this not only soft-spoken but nearly muted. Within the character defined by Klemperer, the performance is meticulous and beautifully played.
Bizet: Symphony in C. Lalo: Symphony in G minor. Sir Thomas Beecham conducting the Orchestre National de la Radiodiffusion Française. Capitol SG 7237, $5.98.	Though the Bizet (discovered in 1935) is straight in the line of Beecham's strongest sympathies, this is the first time he has had the opportunity to record it. The results, needless to say, are not only Bizetoise, but Beechamesque, as he leads the merry work in merry manner, adding some individuality of his own to the third movement (Allegro vivace). If the Lalo is even more an oddity, it is somewhat less a musical verity. However, those who have a taste for such other works of Lalo as "Le Roi d'Ys," the cello concerto, and the "Rapsodie norvégienne" will find in it much to further their comprehension of his musical personality. Both works are beautifully played, and suitably reproduced.
Debussy: "La Mer": Strauss: "Don Juan." Fritz Reiner conducting the Chicago Symphony Orchestra. RCA Victor LSC 2462, $5.98.	Both of these works are extremely phonogenic, and they exhibit to the full superb flexibility and power of the Chicago Symphony as well as the always increasing skills of the RCA technicians. Thus one is able to savor fully the mature skill of Reiner in delivering his insights and reflections on "Don Juan" after decades of dealing with it. It comprehends some values not heard in his previous Pittsburgh Symphony performance of the later Forties, and may well stand as his supreme artistic achievement. The Debussy is similarly well played by the orchestra, but the coloristic values in other performances appeal to me more.
Dvorak: Concerto. Gregor Piatigorsky, cello, with the Boston Symphony Orchestra conducted by Charles Munch. RCA Victor LSC 2490, $5.98.	Not since the well-remembered version of this work by Pablo Casals with George Szell conducting the Czech Philharmonic (recently reissued as a "Great Recording of the Century") has the full value of the music been so well realized as in this collaboration of Piatigorsky and Munch. To the strength of his sound and the flexibility of means for manipulating it, Piatigorsky has added a sense of phrase, a probing eloquence which make his art a deeper, more meaningful thing than at any time past. Withal, there is no need to skirt the question of technical facility, which remains as strong with Piatigorsky as at any time past. Munch makes some strong effects of his own with the orchestra.
Dvorak: Symphony No. 1 (in D, Opus 60). Karel Sejna conducting the Czech Philharmonic. Artia ALP 172, $4.98.	Though identified as No. 1 in Dvorak's symphonies, this is actually twice a misidentification, not only in terms of the five which preceded, but also of those that are numbered to conclude with the E minor ("New World") as No. 5. That sequence should read 3, 1, 2, 4, and 5—which is of interest in itself, for the flowering content of this work is much more representative of the Dvorak of symphonies Nos. 4 and 5 than the D minor usually described as No. 3. There is an intimate blend of sense and sound in the playing of the Czech Philharmonic under Sejna, a thoroughly indoctrinated conductor.
Liszt: Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2; Enesco: Roumanian Rhapsody No. 1; Smetana: "The Moldau," "Bartered Bride" Overture. Leopold Stokowski conducting the RCA Victor Symphony. RCA Victor LSC 2471, $5.98.	This is hyphenated Stokowski, with a systematic amount of revision, emendation, and perversion, whether specified or not. "Big" effects, long *lungtas,* and other production values turn the musical clock to the Vessalla's Band period of musical values. The playing is brilliant, but what the musicians do gives merely the raw materials of the results, which have been montaged, combined, and consoled into shapes and sounds no orchestra produces in a "live" performance. It all suggests the "zoom" technic of TV and film camera work, in which closeups and long shots are faded in and faded out at the director's whim. This may be good "camera work," if it has nothing to do with acting per se.
Prokofiev: Symphony No. 5. Leopold Stokowski conducting the USSR Radio Symphony Orchestra. Artia MK 1551, $4.98.	The name and the manner are familiar, but there is very little else to identify Stokowski as the director of this enterprise, least of all the famous tonal characteristics. The recording is gray in timbre, insufficiently detailed, and lacking in fulness of color. The performance, per se, is energetic and well organized, but not sufficiently distinguished otherwise to merit comparison with versions by Ormandy, Szell, or Dorati.
Rachmaninoff: Symphony No. 1. Kurt Sanderling conducting the Leningrad Philharmonic Orchestra. Artia MK 1525, $4.98.	To say that Sanderling gets every drop of juice out of this work is to understate the massive strength and powerful grasp of substance that he applies to the problem. Moreover, the tonal characteristics of the Russian orchestra—smooth rather than brilliant brass, broad rather than penetrating woodwinds, and of course, warmly vibrant strings—emphasize the traits in Rachmaninoff's thinking which were powerfully related to his predecessors. And when the work is played as well as it is here, one decodes a few suggestions of Prokofiev-to-come, especially in the whirling propulsion of the "Allegro animato." The recording is among the best associated with its place of origin.
Rossini: "William Tell," "Barber of Seville," "Scala di Seta," "Semiramide," "La Gazza Ladra," and "L'Italiana in Algeri" Overtures. Herbert von Karajan conducting the Philharmonia Orchestra. Angel S 35890, $5.98.	These performances are marked by high proficiency rather than the special sensitivity to their stylistic possibilities demonstrated by Toscanini, Beecham, Cantelli, and others (including Fritz Reiner). All the notes are cleanly, accurately played, the crescendi are well controlled, and the orchestral sound, as such, is admirably produced. However, the performances lack volatility and lightness, the insinuating dig of a pointed phrase here, a deftly turned melody there. Good reproduction.
Tchaikovsky: Concerto in D, "Mélodie." Tossy Spivakovsky, violin, with Walter Goehr conducting the London Symphony Orchestra. Everest SDBR 3049, $4.98.	There is no lack of qualification in Spivakovsky's equipment for performance of this work, but its application is not without some curious elements. The tendency here is to a "thoughtful" performance, in which each phrase (if not every note) is considered afresh, as if to arrive at a result that is unhackneyed. I have nothing but sympathy for the objective, and a good deal of esteem for the high quality of violinistic art that prevails. What I find less attractive are the delays and detours in the progress of the first movement to its climax by small alterations of tempo, the slowing down of the slow movement, etc. Good reproduction.
Walton: Concerto. Zino Francescatti, violin, with the Philadelphia Orchestra conducted by Eugene Ormandy. Lalo: "Symphonie Espagnole." Francescatti with the New York Philharmonic conducted by Dimitri Mitropoulos. Columbia MS 6201, $5.98.	Francescatti's interest in this work is a favor not only to the composer but also to the public which has been denied a qualified statement of its values for too long. Francescatti's powerful artistry and immaculate stringsmanship carry him close to the highest flights previously attained by Heifetz (whose original performance has not been replaced). In addition, both the Walton and Lalo (of which Francescatti plays the usual four-movement sequence, omitting the Intermezzo) are first-class examples of instrumental reproduction. Both conductors make much more than a customary contribution to the happy outcome. —Irving Kolodin.

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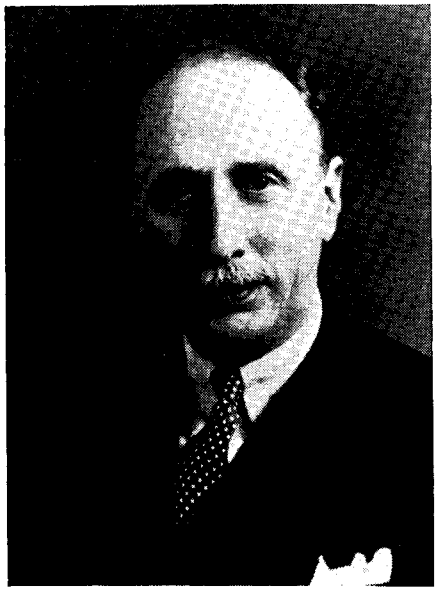
Horace Revived

By WALTER STARKIE

AS I LISTENED to Professor John F. C. Richards's scholarly reading of the odes of Horace my mind traveled back over half a century to the days when we callow schoolboys absorbed our Horace with sweat and tears to the accompaniment of a cane or ferule wielded by a rigorous schoolmaster. As a result we loathed the very name of Horace, who personified the monotonous daily Latin class and the grimy ink-spotted text we laboriously translated with the surreptitious aid of a crib (Gileg's word-for-word translation). Even during our university course in classics, when we were lectured on the entire works of Horace, few appreciated his essential qualities as we did those of Virgil, Lucretius, or Catullus, and all we remembered were mere tags and aphorisms, such as *aurea mediocritas*, *desipere in loco*, *integer vitae*, etc., which we constantly came across in the London *Times*.

Only on the threshold of middle age, when our girth had expanded after marriage, and we had children to bring up, did we discover in Horace not only ripeness of wisdom, and worldly tolerance, but also a deep philosophy which we sought in vain in other writers. We then came to the conclusion that Horace, more than any other classical author, has been the victim of the pedagogues who for over 2,000 years have been dinning his odes into the heads of schoolboys without ever attempting to read them out or teach the boys how to appreciate the verse. We must therefore cordially welcome the initiative of Folkways for its "Eighteen Odes of Quintus Horatius Flaccus" (FL 9968, $5.95), and congratulate Professor John F. C. Richards, not only on his reading, but also on a selection that encompasses so many facets of the great Roman poet's genius. This recording will, in my opinion, prove a great boon to Latin teachers in high school and college in encouraging Latin students to think of Latin as a living language. Another merit of this record is that it includes in its booklet translations of each ode by a number of the greatest translators of the past, such as John Conington (1825-69), Sir Stephen de Vere (1812-1904), Philip Francis (1708-73), and the celebrated



Richards—"a great boon . . ."

Charles Stuart Calverley (1831-84), whose versions we used to learn by heart in the sixth form at Shrewsbury.

There is thus an added interest in this recording of the eighteen odes for those who wish to study the complex problems of translation from the various Latin meters into English verse. Horace himself imitated the meters of two Greek poets, Alcaeus and Sappho, who lived on the island of Lesbos about 600 B.C., and Tennyson in his poem about Milton imitates the Horatian Alcaic strophe and Swinburne the Sapphic. The editor has wisely followed the Latin text of each ode by the translation in poetical prose by A. D. Godley and then by a verse translation, which makes it easier for those unfamiliar with Latin to understand the essential meaning of the text, and thus enjoy the varying interpretations of such masters of translation as C. S. Calverley, who excels in light and subtle touches; Sir Stephen de Vere and Conington, who impart a note of grave harmony to their verse; and Philip Francis, who versifies with the studied elegance of the eighteenth-century Augustan age, though not with the exquisite mastery of the poet William Cowper.

From these eighteen significant odes and translations we see emerging the personality of the celebrated poet, who was born in 65 B.C. and lived through the most turbulent period of the Republic, during the life-and-death struggle between Pompey and Julius Caesar for supremacy, and the chaos after the assassination of the latter, leading to the triumvirate and the final triumph of Augustus.

Horace was not a man of war, though he wrote "*et militavi non sine gloria*," and in the seventh ode of Book II (translated by Sir Theodore Martin) he frankly confesses that at the battle of Philippi he and his friend fled from the field:

> With thee I shared Philippi's headlong flight,
> My shield behind me left, which was not well,
> When all that brave array was broken, and fell
> In the vile dust full many a towering wight.

Horace was not ambitious for honors, titles, or great wealth, and was satisfied with a Sabine farm, provided he could discover there "that peace which in brave souls finds sanctuary." His ideal was "*aurea mediocritas*," as he says in the celebrated lines as translated by Sir Stephen de Vere:

> Hold fast, contented evermore,
> The way of Peace, the Golden Mean:—
> That bounded space which lies between
> The sordid hut and palace hall.

In spite of his urbanity and contented philosophy there runs all through those polished odes an undercurrent of melancholy and pessimism. Like Shakespeare, he continually harps on the theme "golden lads and lasses must like chimney sweepers come to dust."

And, like so many writers of modern days, he was obsessed by the inexorable marching on of time. The "Ode to Postumus" is a despairing lament for youth when he feels the years glide silently away, and not even Montaigne is more pessimistic when he watches the approach of old age. Happiness to him, as to so many Greek and Latin poets, was short, sudden, and without reprieve. Time is running short, he says, fill up the wine cup, shorten future hopes: "While I speak, hath stol'n away Jealous Time. Mistrust tomorrow, catch the blossom of today." And in the seventh ode of Book IV he looks upon death and final oblivion with unblenching eyes in the lines:

> Yet swift moons repair what skies have wasted: but we, when we have followed reverend Aeneas and wealthy Tullus and Ancus to their lowly bourne, are nought but dust and shadow.

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RECORDINGS REPORTS II: MISCELLANEOUS LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Bartok: Sonata; Stravinsky: "Elégie" (1944); Prokofiev: Sonata, Opus 115; Hindemith: Sonatas, Opus 31, Nos. 1 and 2. Ruggiero Ricci, violin. London CS 6193, $4.98.	Ricci's performances honor the taste and judgment he manifested in bringing together this group of works on a single (as well as singular) disc. There is interest and substance in all of them, a common denominator of musical purpose which, rather succinctly, defines why the four names thus linked together hold so high a place in the writing of this century. The thorns with which Bartok surrounds his musical flowers may, in a sense, make their scent harder to find, but it does not lessen the spell they cast (on suitable acquaintance); Prokofiev, more approachable, makes much of the violin's resources in a work with overtones of his "Romeo and Juliet"; the Stravinsky "Elégie," written in 1944 to commemorate Alphonse Onnou, celebrated leader of the Pro Arte Quartet, is full of expressivity; and the Hindemith, though dating to 1924, shows his creative personality quite clearly defined. Ricci makes an absorbing experience of each, a fascinating one of the totality.
Debussy: "Arabesques," "Poissons d'Or"; Mendelssohn: Scherzo in E minor; MacDowell: "To a Wild Rose," "To a Water Lily"; Moszkowski: "Caprice Espagnol"; Scarlatti: Sonata (L. 104); Brahms: G minor Rhapsody; Liszt: "Un Sospiro" and "Etude Transcendental" in F minor. Leonard Pennario, piano. Capitol SP 8541, $5.98.	Assuming one wants this repertory in just the proportions provided, Pennario is the kind of pianist who will provide moderate pleasure with a minimum of pain. Everything is pretty well played, with the kind of roundly resonant piano tone that MacDowell and Moszkowski merit, if with not quite the modulation to make it equally acceptable in Scarlatti and Debussy. There are no real lapses of taste, if, by the same token, no revealing flashes of insight. If there were salons in which salon music were still being played, Pennario would be in his element; as it is, the disc can make a salon of any living room . . . which would, in most instances, be an improvement. Very good reproduction.
Fauré: "La Bonne Chanson," "Poème d'un jour," "Aurore," "Soir," "Le Parfum impérissable," "Le Don silencieux," "Le Secret," "Fleur Jetée," "Chanson du Pêcheur," and "Les Berceaux." Gérard Souzay, baritone, with Dalton Baldwin, piano. Epic BC 1122, $5.98.	Praise may never be offered in surfeit to an artist, though it may become, with repetition, monotonous to others. However, Souzay has earned it with a succession of efforts that are as extraordinary as they are varied. In succession to the collection called "World of Song" and the recent Schumann issue, this one returns him to native soil without diminishing at all the crop of credit he harvests. He is to be commended for selecting some of the rarer items of Fauré's catalogue, which he sings with as much verve and polish as the "Bonne Chanson." Excellent balance with the piano adds to the values on the recording.
Haydn: Quartet, Opus 64, No. 5 ("Lark"); Richter: Quartet in C, Opus 51. Smetana Quartet. Supraphon ALPV 393, $5.98.	This D major quartet has long been a touchstone of fine ensemble artistry, and the Smetana performance matches the best remembered from the Budapest, Capet, or Hungarian Quartets in this music. It has notably crisp rhythmic values, tight ensemble, and remarkable definition of part playing, but at no sacrifice to the harmonic and melodic delights in Haydn's writing. The work of Richter (1709-1789) has a good deal of musical quality but not sufficient personality to differentiate it from much other work being done in the same span of years. Excellent quartet reproduction.
Martinu: "Bouquet of Flowers," Karel Ancerl conducting the Czech Philharmonic, chorus, and Libuse Domaninska, Sona Cervena, Lubomir Havlak, and Ladislav Mraz. Supraphon LPV 445, $5.98.	So far as one can judge from the musical shape of a work for which no score is available and for which no text is provided, Martinu would have developed more naturally as a composer had he remained in his native Bohemia rather than migrating to this country—which is to say, had the upheaval of war not dislocated him. In these settings from folk poetry sources, Martinu's manifest power, sensitivity, and sureness of touch are all those of a highly individual composer. Whatever it was that was "going around" in Central Europe in 1937 which resulted in Orff's "Carmina Burana," Martinu also "caught it" in this work of the same year, which shows some of the chanting, ostinato devices associated with Orff. The vocal soloists are particularly good in a strong work well performed and reasonably well reproduced.
Mozart: "Ah, lo previdi" (K. 272), "Ch'io mi scordi di te" (K. 505); Haydn: "Scena di Berenice" and "Laudamus Te: Quoniam" ("St. Cecilia" Mass). Jennifer Vyvyan, soprano, with Harry Newstone conducting. London OS 25231, $5.98.	Here is a combination difficult to resist: beautiful material, mostly little performed, given life and meaning by wholly qualified interpreters. My preference goes to the charming "Ch'io mi scordi di te" in the setting for Nancy Storace (the first Susanna of "Figaro") with the delightful piano obbligato which the composer introduced into the instrumental background for purposes of self-performance. Save for the opening "Ah, lo previdi," in which her voice is somewhat unsteady, Miss Vyvyan sings all the material with gratifying artistry and control, including the untypically dramatic creation of Haydn dating from 1795. Newstone is a highly qualified collaborator, and the recording is first class.
Poulenc: Sextuor. Philadelphia Woodwind Ensemble, with the composer, piano; Milhaud: "La Cheminée du Roi René"; Françaix: "Divertissement." Philadelphia Woodwind Ensemble. Mason Jones, horn, Anthony Gigliotti, clarinet, John de Lancie, oboe, Sol Schoenbach, bassoon, and Robert Cole, flute. Columbia MS 6213, $5.98.	The happy participation of the composer with the exemplary first-desk men of the Philadelphia Orchestra provides a performance at once authentic and entertaining. In this revised version of 1939, the work looks backward to the audacities of Poulenc's earlier works, and, in the slow movement, ahead to the deepened expressivity of later ones. Poulenc's liquid piano sound dissolves its tone among the woodwinds in a way that floats the music on air. The group also performs magically in the Françaix (a work of 1954 that makes one long to know more of this talented but far from prolific man) which gives a better response to their efforts than the Milhaud-*mécanique* noted as Opus 205. Fine, non-massive sonority.
Verdi: "Ritorna vincitor," "O patria mia" ("Aida"), "Tacea la notte," "D'amor sull' ali rosee" ("Trovatore"); Puccini: "Un bel dì," "Tu, tu, piccolo iddio," ("Butterfly"), "Ch' il bel sogno" ("Rondine"), "Vissi d'arte" ("Tosca"), "Signore, ascolta" and "Tu che di gel sei cinta" ("Turandot"). Leontyne Price, soprano, with Rome Opera Orchestra conducted by Oliviero Fabritiis ("Trovatore" excerpts conducted by Arturo Basile). RCA Victor LM 2506, $4.98.	The kind of singing for which Miss Price has been winning praise this winter at the Metropolitan is accurately represented in these excerpts from "Trovatore," "Aida," and "Butterfly," her first three operas in that theatre. She also shows her adaptability to the requirements of Puccini in the sighing lines of Doretta's air from "Rondine," the supercharged "Vissi d'arte," and the two outcries of Liu in "Turandot." Lovely sound throughout, beautiful disciplined, warmly emotional, and musically intelligent. Beautiful reproduction.
Weber, B.: Serenade (Opus 39); Shapero: Sonata (No. 1); Lessard: Toccata; Rieti: Sonata all' antica; Berger: Intermezzo, Bagatelle; Thomson: Cantabile, Sonata No. 4. Sylvia Marlowe, harpsichord. Decca DL 10021, $4.98.	Perhaps the most illuminating effect of this disc is to show that each of the six composers retains a recognizable personality in his work for all the distinctive, and limiting, characteristics of the instrument. It is also instructive to observe that the ideational content in each piece is high, because of, rather than despite, the limitations, I would hope. Weber's Serenade, with Claude Monteux, flute, Harry Shulman, oboe, and Bernard Greenhouse, cello, is a fetching, well-made work, the Shapero Sonata acerbic, the Lessard Toccata very "touchy" if not too touching, the Berger bits note-conscious and deftly integrated, and the Thomson portraits (Nicolas de Chatelain and Peggy Guggenheim) full of chicory if not beans. But I candidly prefer the Rieti, among them all, for its urbanity, fluency, and excellent humor. Miss Marlowe adapts herself to each in turn without too much an intrusion of her own personality—which is to say, successfully. Good reproduction. —I. K.

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Rolls and Records

By JAN HOLCMAN

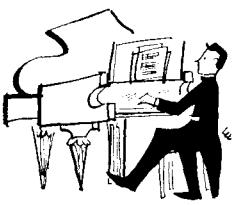
AMONG recent releases of piano music, one arouses particular curiosity. It is evident that no less than 150 fingers flexed over the works found on "Great Pianists of the Nineteenth and Twentieth Centuries," belonging to no less than fifteen keyboard exponents of the glamourous past. Of the fifteen pianistic greats on this record, six are known by experts never to have left a single disc. No word on the album even hints that these are, in *all* instances, piano rolls, i.e., a documentation of far lesser revelation. Saint-Saëns in a recording studio and Saint-Saëns at the piano-roll machine would emerge very differently, although one critic did mistake some rolls for "acoustical recording, the sound amazingly lifelike." Perhaps one cannot blame a critic for not mastering every area of his vast field, but the manufacturers are certainly culpable in not respecting the elementary demands of fact, such as distinguishing a roll from a live performance in the jacket notes. For lack of information may be as misleading as misinformation. In presenting such a disc, publishers either count on a supposed innocence that will accept rolls as the original pianism, or they direct the record to scholars and specialists who know the truth without footnotes.

It is not my intention to assert that adequately notated piano rolls are lacking in merit. Besides creating an opportunity for comparing them with actual discs by artists preserved in both media, rolls give at least some testimony to the pianistic arts of Debussy, Scriabin, and other elusive spirits who recorded only through this means at the beginning of the twentieth century. Even a shadow of the interpretive ideas of such names as Grieg, Saint-Saëns, and Debussy is of value and interest. And on this same disc are such absorbing interpreters as Granados, Leschetizky, and Busoni (who also made four acoustic discs for Columbia in his last years). Were these pianistic efforts captured from original discs, one would irresistibly and instantly plunge into an analysis of each performance, but knowing that they are, in all, piano rolls re-recorded onto LP, we must first ask whether these performances convey the work of a given artist accurately.

Despite apologias by defendants of rolls, even a clear roll (as that of Dohnanyi playing Brahms) is generally an inadequate documentation compared to a scratchy acoustic disc (not to speak of electrical recording). The album's pretenses invite first a comparison of the roll with an original acoustic disc. In two instances, such a comparison was possible, for the rolls of Grieg playing his "Papillons" and Saint-Saëns his "Valse Mignonne" were followed soon afterward by an acoustic disc produced in about 1905 by G&T. At the time of these fascinating self-portraits, Saint-Saëns was seventy, and his playing indicated little lack of facility or of faculties.

FROM the standpoint of sound quality, a comparison of a roll and an electric recording broadens the gap. The rolls are, of course, transferred electrically to a disc, sometimes even in stereo. Such a comparison is possible in the cases of Rachmaninoff and Paderewski, who both recorded on newer records certain of the same pieces they did on piano rolls. But to be as fair as possible to the piano rolls, let us begin by comparing them with the archaic acoustic records.

Naturally, against the acoustically recorded sound, the tone of Saint-Saëns's roll (electrically reproduced) is like a crystal bell. The higher registers, usually somewhat lost on acoustic discs, are re-created almost in hi-fi. But levels, volume intensities, and proportions between melody and "accompaniment" are generally poor on rolls, if authentic at all, and the oldest 78, despite anemic high treble tones and surface noises like the rumble of a subway train, is superior to the roll for its more faithful ratios and what can be called more human qualities, retaining as it does the proportions as originally performed. The rolls' lack of original, individualistic dynamic balance reduces the sensitive aspects of polyphony drastically, and altogether obliterates them at times. For these reasons, and others, the individuality of an artist is far less recognizable on an average roll than on the average old recording. Moreover, piano rolls remain immune to all refinement beyond a certain level, and,



unlike Eliza Doolittle, hardly ever overcome the accent of their original province. A certain mechanical timbre, whose flavor varies from a suggestion to an impediment, is reminiscent of the automatic pianola. Consequently, even the best products of this limited medium belong in general in the "motoric" category, among them Hofmann's rendition of Moszkowski's "Etincelles," one of the finest rolls ever made. Because the usual old roll is "edited" in such aspects as dynamics, touch, rhythm (including rubato), pedaling, speed, any evaluation of the artistry whose properties are thus presented would contain the identical distortion.

Although the limitations cited misrepresent the pianist, many artists of the early 1900s preferred to record on rolls because of the greater clarity of sound. In doing so they were tolerant of mechanical drawbacks, including such defects as incomplete reproduction of repeated notes (a typical failing of a roll). Often, too, the technicians overcame their modesty and "improved" the rolls in some instances, rendering the usual inscription by the artist (attesting that the roll is a 100 per cent authentic performance) of little help. Even in those days which, in this hi-fi period, must seem Neolithic, engineering ingenuity was remarkable. Dynamics and pedaling could be altered or added and, worst of all, the accelera-

(*Continued on page* 62)

"Great Pianists of the Nineteenth and Twentieth Centuries"

Chopin: Polonaise in A, Opus 40, No. 1, Eugen d'Albert; *Mendelssohn:* "On Wings of Song," Emil Sauer; *Brahms:* Hungarian Dance No. 1, Artur Nikisch; *Strauss:* "Reverie," Opus 9, No. 4, Richard Strauss; *Grieg:* "Schmetterling," Edvard Grieg; *Schubert-Liszt:* "Soiree de Vienne" No. 6, Teresa Carreño; *Debussy:* "La Cathédrale engloutie," Claude Debussy; *Liszt:* "Rigoletto" Paraphrase, Ferruccio Busoni; *Chopin:* Waltz, Opus 64, No. 1 ("Minute"), Vladimir de Pachmann; *Granados:* Danse Espagnole No. 5, Enrique Granados; *Chopin:* Nocturne in D flat, Opus 27, No. 2, Theodore Leschetizky; *Brahms:* Capriccio in B minor, Opus 76, No. 2, Ernst von Dohnanyi; *Saint-Saëns:* "Valse Mignonne" in E flat, Opus 104, Camille Saint-Saëns; *Paderewski:* Minuet in G, Opus 14, No. 1, Ignace Paderewski; *Rachmaninoff:* Prelude in C sharp minor, Serge Rachmaninoff. American Stereophonic Corporation A 119 (monophonic), $3.98.

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THE AMEN CORNER

A Is for Avant-Garde

THE MOVEMENT of jazz toward or into modern music in general, which this department has felt to be inevitable, has been proceeding at such a pace that my turntable has recently been filled with examples. So far as I know, I have not heard any jazz works built on tone-row principles, but virtually every other tendency in international composition is being reflected in the jazz world. There is any amount of hybrid music (I do not use the word invidiously). Critics, record reviewers, and blurb writers for the record companies (very often they are the same fellow) are faced with knotty problems of exposition. Sometimes they give up and, with what may be laudable modesty as well as deep sagacity, simply declare: "The music speaks for itself."

I think it may be said that in this developing jazz three general directions are conspicuous: A) intense experimentalism, often in the polytonal and atonal areas; B) the sophisticated treatment of basically simple ideas strongly derived from folk roots; C) a coloristic, chromatic music that might be said to be the jazz counterpart of modern music prior to the advent of the tone-row.

Asking indulgence for what seems to me to be the necessary generality of any such statement, I now offer notes that may help to guide the reader to specimens of A, B, and C.

Type A. "The World of Cecil Taylor" (Candid 8006) presents a phenomenal pianist, with an atonal penchant and dazzling energy. Taylor is sensitively assisted by Buel Neidlinger, bass, Dennis Charles, drums, and Archie Shepp, tenor sax. On the faster numbers I am struck by the force of the geyser but not impressed by the forms it takes. On the slower tracks, however, especially an ornate improvisation on "This Nearly Was Mine," I am both fascinated and delighted by the workings of this elaborate mind. Taylor's thick textures, incidentally, may remind other listeners of the piano sonatas of Charles Ives.

"This Is Our Music" (Atlantic 1353) is the fifth album of Ornette Coleman's Quartet, still weird and wonderful to these ears, which this time has Coleman, alto sax, Donald Cherry, trumpet, Charlie Haden, bass, and Ed Blackwell, drums. I have previously likened Coleman's music to Klee's painting, and, with the usual demurrers to such comparisons, will let this one stand. There is gaiety, fantasy, deftness, strength-in-delicacy, and the mordant strain. I continue to feel that the valuable part of Coleman's work is the more disciplined: his infectious themes and the lucid improvising on them. Most of his abandoned squealing and snarling, however expressive it may be of something or other, strikes me as chaotic and, if you like, extramusical. But I will gladly take this to get the other.

Type B. "We Insist! Max Roach's Freedom Now Suite" (Candid 8002) is a work for singer, small jazz band, and percussion ensemble, composed by the remarkable drummer Max Roach, with text by Oscar Brown, Jr. Its programmatic basis is the world crisis in Negro life. Sometimes its program is vocally expressed, as in accompanied songs and an episode of shrieks of protest delivered with a percussion background; sometimes the instrumentalists take over entirely. The expressive values range between the theatrical and the musical. Of the theatrical passages I will say that I have seldom found the representation of white-hot emotion theatrically effective, save in the finest drama, and that I do not do so here. The musical passages, on the other hand, afford some superb moments. I would call special attention to Coleman Hawkins's tenor sax improvising in "Driva' Man," to Roach's lovely ensembles in "Tears for Johannesburg" and the improvising on this theme by Booker Little, trumpet, Walter Benton, tenor sax, and Julian Priester, trombone. The personnel throughout could scarcely be bettered, including the beautiful and moving voice of Abbe Lincoln.

"Charles Mingus Presents Charles Mingus" (Candid 8005) is the latest album by the luxuriantly inventive jazz bassist, with the exceptionally elastic support of Eric Dolphy, alto sax and bass clarinet, Ted Curson, trumpet, and Dannie Richmond, drums. Almost anything Mingus does is bursting with spirit and springing from the roots of jazz. His "Folk Forms No. 1" makes most extensions of simple, riff-style phrases seem fatigued; his "The Original Faubus Fables" is a deliberate, sardonic swinger (I wish I could hear all the words); his "What Love" has a theme I do not care for, but some fluently burning trumpet work by Curson. One of my objections to the album is a good deal of vocal-style squabbling, on their horns, by Curson and Dolphy; this sort of thing seems to me no more effective than it did in the trick vaudeville bands of the Coolidge Administration. But my chief difficulty lies with a monotony of the basic thematic materials, which continues to dominate the development, melodically and harmonically, to an oppressive degree.

Type C. "The Modern Jazz Quartet & Orchestra" (Atlantic 1359) introduces that fastidious chamber group, the MJQ, in four scores also involving large orchestral ensembles; the composers are Gunther Schuller, André Hodeir, Werner Heider, and John Lewis. Schuller's three-movement "Concertino" is a piquant, subtly turned and developed work, including a passacaglia, with a blues infusion. It makes perhaps the most integral use of the MJQ's plangent, bell-like sonorities of any of the four works in question. Hodeir's "Around the Blues" loads the MJQ's improvising with a good deal of dramatic orchestration; Heider's "Divertimento" is romantic and rapidly flowing; Lewis's "England's Carol" is a handsome setting of "God Rest Ye Merry." All of these pieces are expert, but only the Schuller appeals to me as having distinctive character, and only the Schuller seems to me to make a case for incorporating the MJQ in a larger ensemble. The Quartet's greatest virtues, so far, proceed from its own intimate rapport. They have never been better displayed than in "European Concert" (Atlantic 2-603), where there are four sides containing fifteen tracks of MJQ numbers old and new (the old, as usual, showing new and luminous development). Again a salute to John Lewis, piano, Milt Jackson, vibraharp, Percy Heath, bass, and Connie Kay, drums. They are as elegant as ever and, if possible, their rhythmic cogency increases.

Duke Ellington and Billy Strayhorn's "Suite Thursday" (CL 1597) is a four-part composition by the old masters for the Ellington band, all glow and assurance, with no pretense about it, and the founder at the piano. Considering the number of symphonies written by Haydn, and the output of Balzac novels, it is probably no wonder that this amount of sheer musicality should keep coming out of E-S and company. But it always seems so. On the other side of the disc, the group plays Grieg's "Peer Gynt" Suites Nos. 1 and 2. I have not been able to maintain my childhood love for Grieg, but if anyone could assist me it would be the Duke.

—WILDER HOBSON.

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THE OTHER SIDE

London Minus Richter, Plus Oistrakhs

JUST twenty-four hours before the Festival Hall Box Office was due to enter a state of siege, beleaguered by the legions of music-lovers eager to insure their admittance to one or more of three recitals by Sviatoslav Richter scheduled for late March, came the announcement that the Russian pianist's visit had been canceled "on doctors' orders" since the strain of his lengthy American tour had necessitated a prolonged period of rest. The statement further expressed the hope that a series of revised dates might be "announced in due course." Thus, what promised to be the major musical event of London's spring season seems to have slipped through our fingers for the moment, not to mention the recordings which should have emerged.

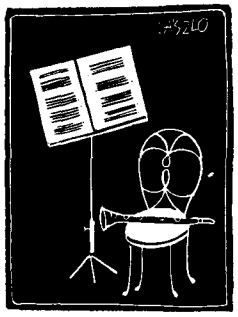
That the cancelation or postponement of Richter's visit was not in any way attributable to international politics is shown by the considerable volume of two-way cultural traffic between Britain and the USSR. With the Old Vic company only recently returned from a highly successful visit to Russia and Poland, the famed Leningrad Ballet due in London this summer, and Lord Harewood soon to go to Russia on an exploratory trip in his capacity as artistic director of the Edinburgh Festival, things look pretty healthy in this direction. And if one Richter is to be denied us in March, February did provide us with two Oistrakhs. Music, as we all know, can often be a family craft (particularly among wind players), but, except perhaps for the horn-playing Brains, I cannot think of a father-and-son team that has shone with such brilliance on the same instrument as David and Igor Oistrakh. Both have been welcome visitors on previous occasions, but never before in tandem.

A feeling of intimacy was particularly striking at the first concert, given at the Festival Hall and entirely devoted to works by Bach. With the English Chamber Orchestra under Colin Davis, Igor played the E major Concerto, David the A minor and the solo part in the Fourth Brandenburg; jointly they performed a Trio Sonata and—need I say it?—the D minor Concerto for two violins (which they also re-recorded in stereo for DGG during their stay in London). Heard separately, each Oistrakh seems to possess a quite distinct musical personality (with David unquestionably the master); yet when they join it is far from easy to tell one from the other—so fine is the blend of tone and phrasing.

Two days before their final concert in February, the Oistrakhs made a further, unscheduled public appearance when they visited Covent Garden on the eagerly awaited first night of the new "Fidelio" production. For weeks, every seat had been sold for all seven performances, and the intense interest was further exemplified—in characteristically British fashion—by advertisements appealing for spare tickets in the personal column of the *Times*.

I can fully understand that people whose ideas about "Fidelio" are mainly derived from the readings of either Furtwängler or Toscanini—both happily preserved on discs—should have felt some disappointment with Klemperer's less overtly emotional, less fiery handling of this unique opera, a work which, for all its obvious inconsistencies, is surely the most irresistible of all musical dramas. To my mind, Klemperer's approach is deeply satisfying and wholly consistent from beginning to end; like most of his performances it is thoughtful rather than incandescent and contains a markedly didactic element that compels any listener who has passed the stage of absorbing experiences like a mere sponge to examine the work afresh.

The March EMI list offers further startling proof—if proof were indeed still required—of Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau's astonishing versatility. I have yet to hear him in Russian opera or singing the blues—but I have no doubt that, if he wished, he could simulate either style with a fair degree of conviction. To find him singing Haydn songs may suggest no more than an extension of his normal Lieder repertoire, until it is realized that he performs half the program in almost impeccable English. No doubt Gerald Moore, whose lovely accompaniments are a great asset to this splendid mono-only recording, helped the baritone to avoid the more obvious pitfalls, but the fact remains that few native singers are able to enunciate English with such clarity and beauty of sound. Fischer-Dieskau's other current recital, in which he is assisted by the Berlin Philharmonic under Erede, is devoted to excerpts from Verdi operas: "Trovatore," "Rigoletto," "Vespri Siciliani," "Don Carlo," "Ballo in Maschera," and "Falstaff." Here again his command of language and style is altogether exceptional, and it is rare indeed to hear this music sung with such musicianship and attention to verbal nuance. And yet something is lacking—an instinctive feeling for Verdi's vocal line, perhaps—while the voice is too soft-grained, as though it had been reared in a hothouse instead of matured under Italian sunshine. Nevertheless, one only has to imagine a recital of Wolf songs by any Italian baritone in order to appreciate how remarkably Fischer-Dieskau has succeeded in mastering an essentially alien idiom.



From Columbia comes an electrifying Tchaikovsky "Pathétique," conducted by Giulini and with the Philharmonia at the very top of its form. Some of the playing is quite breathtaking in its precision, yet it is full of tension and vitality, never slick or mechanical. How skilful, too, is Giulini's avoidance of the extremes of hysteria and of bathos: the climaxes of the first and last movements are invested with great dignity, while the cumulative effect of the Allegro molto vivace is absolutely exhilarating.

Leonid Kogan contributes a performance of Beethoven's Violin Concerto which, if it does not penetrate to the very heart of the music, is masterly in its execution and beautifully controlled. Columbia's recording, too, is excellent, but for me the disc is flawed by some disagreeably mannered phrasing by Silvestri, who conducts the Paris Conservatoire Orchestra and who evidently finds the first movement dull as Beethoven left it. I should also like to draw the attention of Londoners-in-exile—and others who have only gazed upon the Thames as visitors—to an HMV record entitled "Cockney London": a collection of old-time music-hall songs rendered with authentic gusto by that vivacious diseuse, Elsa Lanchester. These tuneful ditties, with their irrepressible spirit and cheeky good humor, make delightful if somewhat nostalgic listening for those who like to recall a bygone age when popular music in Britain was still rooted in native soil.

—THOMAS HEINITZ.

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Pros and Cons of Walter's Brahms

IN YOUR ISSUE of February 25, the critic Robert Lawrence wrote an extensive review of the new recordings by Dr. Bruno Walter of the four symphonies of Brahms, the "Academic Festival" and "Tragic" Overtures and the "Variations on a Theme of Haydn"—a review with false and damaging statements that could, if left unanswered, do irreparable harm to the world-wide reputation of Dr. Walter as well as to Columbia Records.

If Mr. Lawrence has disagreements with Dr. Walter on musical matters, he is entitled to his opinion. We may not agree with him, but no music sounds the same to any two people, so that we can only shrug our shoulders if his taste does not coincide with Dr. Walter's. But opinion is one thing; fact, another.

1. Bruno Walter has not "settled for less" in recording with the Columbia Symphony in Hollywood. Though this group is known technically as a "pick-up" orchestra, it has played with Bruno Walter as a unit probably as much as any orchestra today. It is composed of the cream of Hollywood's studio and symphonic musicians who have remained intact under Dr. Walter's baton for the last four seasons. Bruno Walter, to whose judgment of orchestral quality even Mr. Lawrence must give way, has said repeatedly and certainly without prompting that there is no finer ensemble in the world, and none with which he would rather perform.

2. Mr. Lawrence goes on: "More serious than any drawback in orchestral playing is the controversial engineering of the new set. Too much of the balance and tone quality seems to have emanated from the control room rather than from the conductor's musical consciousness." Now we really must set Mr. Lawrence straight. There are no frustrated conductors on Columbia's production or engineering staff, but there *is* the highest respect for Dr. Walter's musical genius and experience, as well as almost fanatical feeling about having the conductor give the final word on balance and dynamics, the things for which he is supremely qualified.

At the beginning of each recording session, during the rehearsals, our microphones are set where they best seem to capture the character of the section which they are covering. A balance is set during passages of highest level and from this moment microphone controls are left alone unless a change is specifically requested by Dr. Walter. There is no monitoring or second-guessing during the recording and each take is listened to thoroughly several times by Dr. Walter before a final choice is made.

Without careful adherence to the above stated methods of work, our recordings with Dr. Walter, as well as with Ormandy, Bernstein, and all other artists on the Columbia label, would be a travesty. We are interested in the musical line created by the performance of the artists, not in creating a false and electronically distorted musical picture.

Bruno Walter

SCHUYLER CHAPIN,
Director of Masterworks.
JOHN MCCLURE,
Music Director.
Columbia Records.
New York, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *In view of the following letter from a reader, further comment by Mr. Lawrence would seem superfluous.*

WALTER'S BRAHMS

THE CRITICAL REVIEW by Robert Lawrence of Bruno Walter's new recordings of Brahms's orchestral works with the Columbia Symphony Orchestra [*SR*, Feb. 25] prompts some comments on my part. I write with some knowledge as I was an observer at most of the recording sessions held under Dr. Walter's direction in Hollywood in 1959 and 1960, at which time the Brahms works and many other works were recorded. I agree with Mr. Lawrence that it is a great tragedy that Columbia Records has not made more of the opportunity it had (and still has) in these recordings. Columbia doesn't seem to realize that these recordings are historic, and not just more recordings to be added to the already overbloated record shelves. It is a rare thing indeed in music for a very great artist such as Dr. Walter, who is in my mind the greatest living conductor, to have the opportunity after a long and distinguished career of presenting his final, and often definitive, versions of the music with which he has been identified for over half a century. This is the sum of an experience and identification with music which is almost unique in our time, going back as it does to the days of Brahms, Bruckner, and Mahler. Every artist must crave the opportunity of giving to the public his final say on the music he loves best; Dr. Walter has been given this chance and we are all supremely grateful.

But why is this project being carried out with a second-rate orchestra under such chaotic conditions? The orchestra members (this is to distinguish them from a homogeneous symphonic ensemble, which they most assuredly are not) frequently arrive at the recording sessions without the slightest knowledge of what music they are going to record, so that they must feverishly rehearse their parts before the formalities start. Often, when it is obvious that a good "take" of a movement or a piece has not been achieved, there is no desire or attempt to linger until the correct spirit and mood are attained; rather they rush on to the next selection, sometimes despite Dr. Walter's mild objections. This type of mass production can certainly not achieve the type of musical product that all music lovers, including Mr. Lawrence, Dr. Walter, and myself, expected from these recording sessions. Never one to be overbearing, Dr. Walter allows the recording engineers and directors to run the whole show, and the results are not therefore surprising. Too often the beautiful effects and the delicate balances that Dr. Walter has carefully and painfully solicited and often obtained from his orchestra are destroyed in the hands of the tape-splicers. What is surprising is the number of excellent recordings that have nevertheless been produced under these conditions, even with a second-rate orchestra. Every once in a while, the orchestra outdid itself and played with real inspiration, as in the released recordings of Brahms's Fourth and Schubert's Ninth and the yet-to-be-released performance of Bruckner's Fourth; it almost sounded as if a first-class orchestra were playing, for a change. Obviously, Dr. Walter's enthusiasm, dedication, and musicianship, which have not dimmed despite his years, did occasionally penetrate the blasé mood which was usually omnipresent.

I hope that there is yet time in which Columbia will realize the full importance of this recording project and will make the recordings under appropriate conditions and with an orchestra worthy of Bruno Walter.

DAVID I. SCHUSTER.
Madison, Wis.

BRAVO LAWRENCE

BRAVO TO ROBERT LAWRENCE for pointing out the inadequacy of the orchestral and technical support given Bruno Walter in his stereo recording of the Brahms symphonies.

Mr. Lawrence's voice may be crying in the wilderness, but the objections he stated deserve consideration by both the record-makers and the listening audience.

JOHN N. HIGGINS.
Brooklyn, N. Y.

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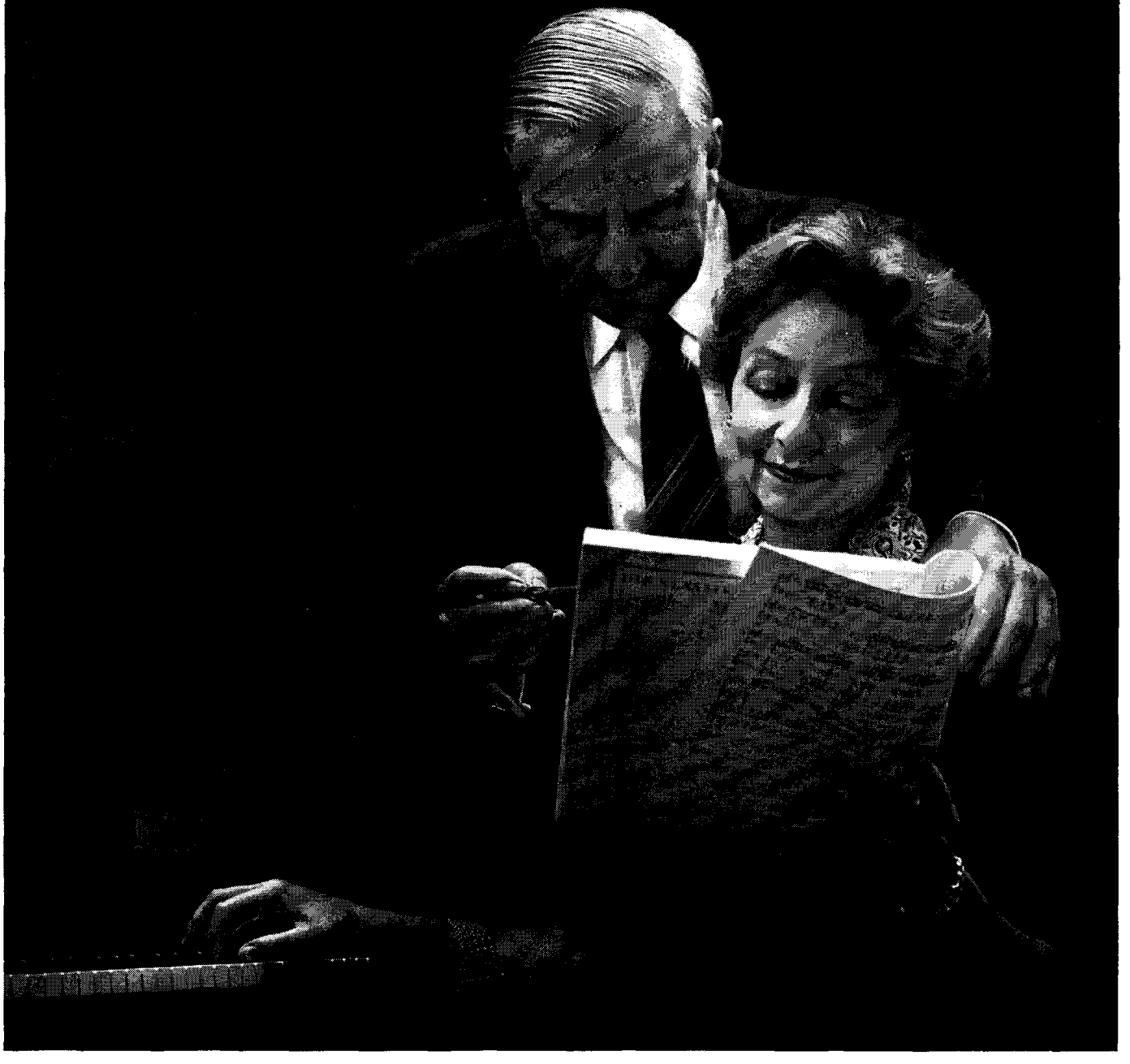

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Beecham

Continued from page 43

Philharmonic in 1930: "The things he does and says are never orthodox; even the way he directs a rehearsal is completely different in approach from all other conductors. A rehearsal with Sir Thomas is something that often turns out to be much more interesting and even entertaining than the best theatre, yet at the same time he always has complete command. . . . I have never witnessed any evidence of a superior knowledge toward the technical side of composition, such as I may have from some other contemporary conductor, but I have experienced some of the most beautiful music making one could imagine, which I am positive comes more from a divine instinct than acquired knowledge."

But it would be a mistake to assume that Beecham's results were the products of good humor and divine instinct alone. He often said, when asked to single out some special accomplishment in which he took pride, "I take pride only in my industry." Or, as reflected in his efforts to penetrate the secrets of the music he conducted: "From Wagner and Strauss on, composers wrote out pretty carefully just what they wanted to have done . . . metronome settings, tempo directions, expression marks, all the rest of it. Beethoven's metronome markings, as everybody knows, don't mean a thing. In a Mozart symphony you may find a scattering of indications. And in the whole B minor Mass of Bach you don't find a damned one."

"The result," he continued, "is that you spend half a lifetime studying a classic work, thinking about it, listening to this performance and that, coming to a conclusion about what to leave out. Then you spend half a lifetime trying to make it sound right with what you put in. After about three hundred performances you have, perhaps, a clear idea of how such music should sound."

With the instinct and the knowledge, however, went a cultivated taste which expressed itself in lifelong musical enthusiasms whose full harvest may be, still, years in the reaping. He was conducting Berlioz when some of the persons who are presently making a crusade of it were, literally, unborn; his enthusiasm for Haydn similarly outranks, in years, some of the scholars who have lately found new authentic "sources" for their enthusiasm; and he promoted the welfare of Richard Strauss when that was a far from popular cause. As for the effort he expended on behalf of Frederick Delius, the essay titled "Early Days with Delius" which appeared in these pages some months ago was self-elucidating. Sir Thomas might have, but didn't, record the Beethoven symphonies "complete" or the Brahms: but he did nearly all of the Schubert, to which he was inseparably attached.

Beyond the public Sir Thomas, the "Tommy" that was known to the players, or "the Guv'nor," as some older players preferred to call him, the "personality" who rebuked audiences, engaged in controversies, spoke scornfully of impresarios who, somehow, ignored his talents, and otherwise fulfilled the British image of what a man in public life should be, there was also the private Thomas Beecham, with a character quite his own. He could thoughtfully, and with disarming simplicity, seek out and congratulate the cook (at a home he visited) who had prepared a meal he enjoyed. His bouts with gout, in recent years, were worst in America, perhaps because it provided an abundance which was for long not available in England and which he could not resist when here. But he tolerated the discomfort of travel for the pleasure he derived from Americans he liked and could not see elsewhere. For several years prior to the death, in 1958, of his second wife, Betty Humby, those trips were more frequent than they might have been otherwise, as he sought advanced American medical assistance to arrest or reverse the debilitating ailment from which she eventually died. They were times, alternately, of promise and disappointment, but never of hopelessness, for that was unknown to his character.

And, sometimes, in the midst of these harrowing experiences, when time urgently required to pursue his own commitments was usurped by the even more urgent requirements of her health, one comprehended that for all the sweetness, grace, and affection in his music-making, there was equal sweetness, grace, and affection in his concern for the partner so much younger than himself, but so much more helpless and needful. Too often, the man and the art he communicates are separate entities, cleft by some strong divisive impulse that makes it difficult to reconcile one with the other. It is the measure of Beecham that the man and his art were one and nondivisible, as human a fusion of good impulses as most of us are ever likely to know.

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Caruso Brought To Book

"Enrico Caruso: His Recorded Legacy," by J. Freestone and H. J. Drummond *(Sidgwick and Jackson. 130 pp. 42s.), offers a record-by-record critical analysis of the complete Caruso discography. Francis Robinson is an assistant manager of the Metropolitan Opera and author of "Caruso: His Life in Pictures."*

By Francis Robinson

ON THE fly leaf of "Music in London" Bernard Shaw commended his reviews in book form to those people "who will read about music and nothing else."

"To them," Shaw went on, "dead prima donnas are more interesting than saints, and extinct tenors than mighty conquerors." One may fall short of qualifying for this rarefied group and still feel that Enrico Caruso's record-

ings (in the re-creative art) take their place alongside Mozart's operas, Shakespeare's plays, and the great Gothic cathedrals as part of the most precious inheritance of civilized man (in the creative arts). The authors are obviously so persuaded; otherwise, they could never have spent the years and the energy that have gone into the present work. To their everlasting credit the effort does not show. The result is as readable as it is informative.

Mr. Freestone and Canon Drummond are the leading Caruso authorities of England. There have been Caruso discographies before but theirs is the first to give a complete critical analysis of every known recording. The remarkable thing is that the authors, for all their wonder before the greatest singer of his time, perhaps of all time, weigh each record on its own merits. If a particular disc does not come up to the lofty standard which Caruso set for himself they do not hesitate to say so.

There is a foreword by Sir Compton Mackenzie in which he quotes some lines of praise written thirty-six years before, just three years after the great tenor's death. He proudly points out that he has not had to alter them. He might have added they will be true and appropriate a hundred years from now. To summarize, this book is altogether worthy of its great subject. Can a reviewer, or Caruso-worshiper, say more?

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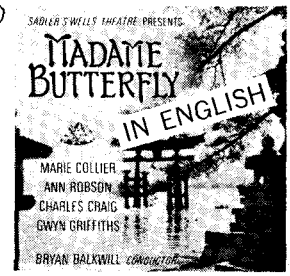

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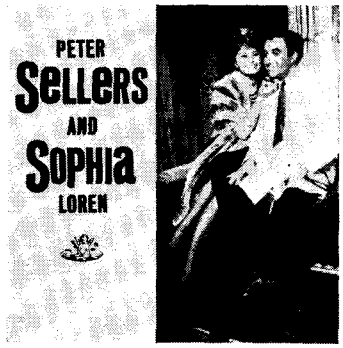

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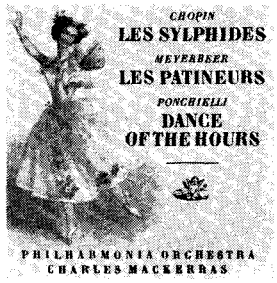

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Pirates and Piracy

The following article, written by A. G. Ross in reaction to a review in SR's January 28 issue, appeared in Record News, published in Toronto, Canada.

MR. IRVING KOLODIN of the *Saturday Review*, a magazine with the general views of which I am usually sympathetic, and a music critic whose talent and authority I respect—while reviewing the latest Battistini re-issue by Angel casually mentions that "For, with the exception of a few pirated, ill-sounding LPs . . . original Battistini records have been denied. . . ."

I don't think it is necessary to point out to Mr. Kolodin that piracy is a criminal offense, whether it applies to an attack on a ship or to an infringement of copyright. Anybody who knowingly infringes somebody's copyright may by public usage be called a pirate.

There are several sorts of copyrights. The composer of a musical work has copyright protection for a certain time and so has a librettist of an opera or the writer of a song. But this is not the copyright in question here.

The re-recording of another disc already published can only infringe the so-called Mechanical Copyright of the record company which first published the record. It seems that, owing to a financial investment (paying royalties or salaries to singers, engineers, and mechanics), the recording companies are entitled to a copyright, although, in my opinion, they are performing no creative activities justifying such a protection. This protection varies as to its duration and manner in practically every country in the world.

In Italy the mechanical copyright arises by sheer registration of a new disc. In England the movement to reduce the time limit was lately frustrated by pressure applied by the recording industry against the better judgment of Parliament, so it is still 50 years from the date of the publication of the record. In Canada, movements are afoot both for the reduction and the augmentation of the present 50 years' protection, which starts from the day of the original recording, wherever that may have been made.

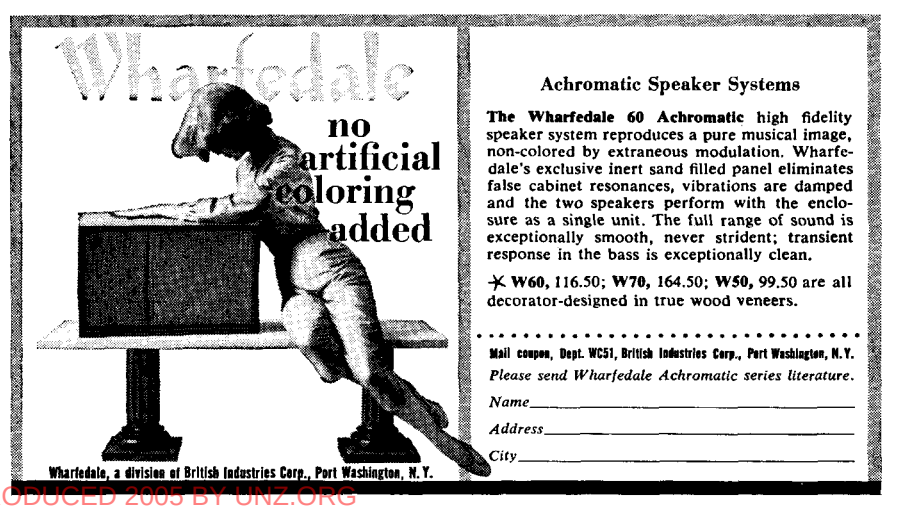
I have been through the Copyright Law of the United States and found that there is no mention in it of anything such as Mechanical Copyright on recordings. I therefore came to the conclusion that someone may be called to account for damages in a civil action, provided circumstances warrant it, but that no criminal offense can be construed against reissuing of a disc unless fraudulent behavior can be proved.

Applying the law to the Battistini records: all discs recorded or published before 1911 now belong in the public domain in England and in Canada; all discs recorded or published at any time belong to the public domain in the United States subject only to damage arising out of the personal rights of the individual performers and the financial loss suffered by the original company.

So you see, Mr. Kolodin, you are completely in the wrong calling companies which reissue Battistini records in the United States pirates. Such rash statements may have important consequences should the companies involved decide to carry the matter further.

However, I should like to turn now to the moral angle.

No company in its right sense would reissue discs which have been brought out, or were expected to be reissued



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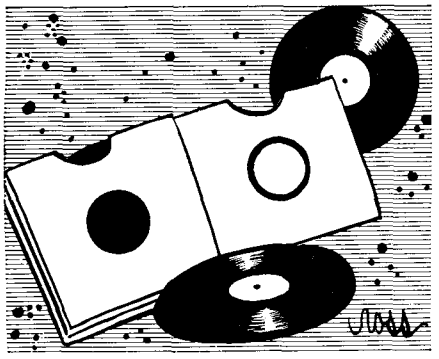
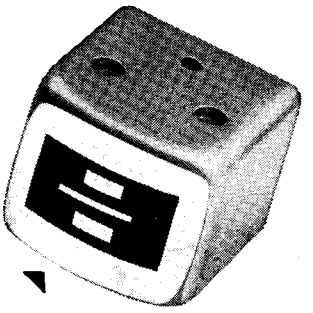
by the "proprietary" company. Competition only brings monetary loss to the small firm. Speaking for myself, considering that a 300 initial run of a 12" Rococo LP costs around $600, not counting the investment of several hundreds of dollars in procuring copies of rare originals, and considering that it takes about two years to sell these copies out at prices ranging between $2 to $3.50 each—a well-organized competition would mean financial disaster.

THE reasons why the "proprietary" company does not wish to reissue a disc lie in the original disc's lack of fidelity, in the contractual obligations offsetting the expected quantity of sales, in the nonexistence of matrices, or simply in the lack of financial incentive. For it is surely true that only a small band of connoisseurs are not deterred by surface noise, often changing pitch, elderly voices, or out-of-date mannerisms. Such being the case, why should the original companies try and stop somebody else catering to these collectors? Why should they claim the recordings as their property when, by law, they are not? I refer, among other



examples, to the almost unbelievable struggle His Master's Voice and RCA Victor staged to stop other companies issuing Caruso records, when they well knew that such records were in the public domain. Look at the millions they have amassed on those records. They are not interested in the wishes of a minority. They are out to make big money or nothing at all. . . .

EDITOR'S NOTE: *As there are others who have reproduced Battistini recordings, and the reference was not to Rococo at all, it would appear that A. G. Ross is unduly sensitive in this matter. I am as much concerned that the recordings are (to repeat the quote) "ill-sounding" as I am that they are "pirated." In other words, little corrective effort had gone into them of the kind Angel has applied in its "Great Recordings of the Century" series. As to the morality, legality, or ethics of appropriating such issues, it is far too complex to be argued here.*



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LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR

FREED ON HAYDN

RICHARD FREED's well-ordered plea for a more extensive Haydn discography [*SR*, Feb. 25] is admirable. I am always happy to read of a strong advocate of the Viennese classicist.

The over-all mental state of the country has been in turmoil since "Sputnik," with a corresponding upheaval in the scientific realm. However, with this ever-increasing norm of intelligence the over-all musical tastes seem to have remained dormant. A return to a lasting promotion of the great masters like Haydn is urgent if our hierarchy of values in the field of music is to remain elevated. Men like Richard Freed are certainly the hopes of many for some new upheavals in this recording field.

JOHN W. MCNEIL.
Collegeville, Minn.

MORE HAYDN

MY FRUSTRATED complaint is that the Schwann catalogue in its hundreds of pages contains Spitzbergen of music—and otherwise—and innumerable repeats, but the Haydn symphonies—and quartets for that matter—are not adequately represented. The charm and inexhaustible inventiveness of the genial master are one of the delights of living.

If not remunerative to have all of them on the list, surely prestige and artistic responsibility should require it in this as well as in other similar cases. I believe it would be good business as well. It would give it a sense of stability, instead of the apparent scramble for the dollar.

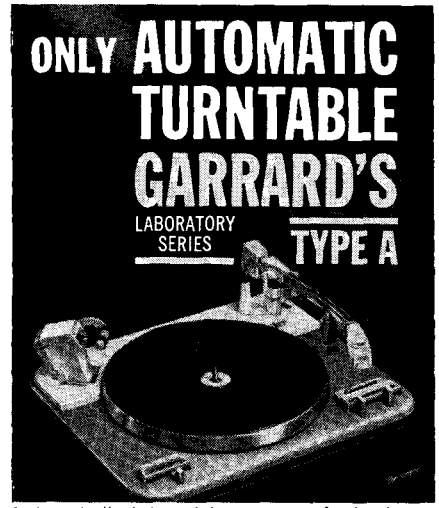
I am grateful to you for publishing the Richard Freed article in your February 25 issue.

HARRY SPIEGLER.
New York, N. Y.

TAMPERED TOSCANINI

I TAKE EXCEPTION to your review of the "tampered Toscanini" recordings. Having purchased the stereo reprocessed Dvorak Fifth Symphony prior to reading your criticism, I found only an excessive echo (not always present) and an occasional glossy, reverberant sound to mar the results. I possess fine equipment that gives me a wide spread of stereo sound (especially with stereo earphones) but my equipment does not spread out the reprocessed recordings as you mentioned, with separation of violin sections and horn solos coming from one side. And comparing the "rivet" sound of the tympani in mono and pseudo-stereo reveals no appreciable difference. The sound is compact, but provided with an air-space particular to stereo recordings. And there are details in the playing which come through, because of this depth added in the processing, which do not sound so clearly in the monophonic recording.

"Pictures at an Exhibition" has less



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reverberation added, with better results and is, for a 1953 recording, quite acceptable in sound. . .

Your comment that they have done "relatively well" cancels out some of your criticism. And your statement about confusing the public underestimates the intelligence of anyone who can read the jacket notes with the recordings. And for good engineering to be disregarded for fear that others will possibly copy "quite badly" is stodgy fear indeed.

Incidentally, the closest to a stereo Toscanini recording that exists on records is the Symphony of the Air recording (made following his retirement in 1954) on Concert-Disc CS-25. It is in good stereo despite its age, although not complete Toscanini.

ERNEST BIRCHENOUGH.
New York, N. Y

EDITOR'S NOTE: *"Relatively well" applies to the facilities at RCA's disposal, but it is not sufficient to unscramble the omelette, and restore the eggs to yolks and whites.*

DEFINITE ACHIEVEMENT

I AM WRITING you in regard to the review of the three Toscanini discs that have been reprocessed at the expense of losing much of the true sound they possessed before. It is my opinion that if this reprocessing is the only means by which one or two of these precise performances can become a part of an all-stereo collection, a definite achievement has been made.

C. C. SULLIVAN, JR.
Houston, Tex.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Why an "all-stereo" collection? The emphasis should be on collection, not stereo.*

WHERE TO FIND "PEARLY"

WE WERE VERY pleased to see a review of the record "Rev. Pearly Brown: Georgia Street Singer" (Folk-Lyric FL 108) in the article "The Holy Blues" in your issue of February 25. As the records of the Folk-Lyric Recording Co., produced by Harry Oster, are not generally available in the record stores except in Louisiana, some of your readers may be interested to know where they can be purchased. The distributor for these records is Louisiana State University Press, Baton Rouge 3, La.

RICHARD L. WENTWORTH,
Louisiana State University Press.
Baton Rouge, La.

ADDRESS OF "INNOCENCE"

THE REVIEW OF my "Songs of Innocence" recording is much appreciated [*SR*, Feb. 25]. The address where it might be obtained was printed incorrectly, however. Audience Associates is at 7715 Cregier Ave., Chicago 49, Ill.

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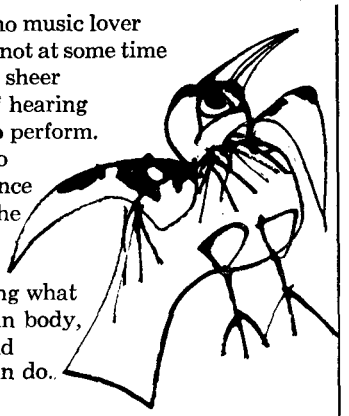

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Pianists

Continued from page 51

tion of tempo without the telltale rise in pitch of a disc was possible by running the rolls faster. Friedman's signed roll of Liszt's "Don Juan" Fantasia, for example, contained one superhumanly fast passage in double notes, which could have been achieved only by the laboratory art. Some of these changes were deliberate, others could have been committed in error, such as operators or manufacturers' inaccurate indication of playback speed.

Various fabrics were employed in making these rolls, and techniques of creating them differed. Some, although not many, were flawless from a technical standpoint. Yet even a master like Josef Hofmann was unable pianistically to match the Liszt "Tannhäuser" Overture transcription as heard on an automatic robot-roll, "made" by an engineer who never played the piano. Just as scarce as faultless rolls are playback pianos, which were ideally constructed, and adjusted, to give a high degree of reproduction. Some protective measures might have been used in the case of the relatively good Sauer roll used by the American Stereophonic Corporation, but such was not the case with Paderewski's playing of his own Menuet.

Nevertheless, an accurately prepared piano roll, honestly re-run on a high-quality playback machine, has a definite historical value in the case of those masters who boycotted the phonograph in its teens. Debussy's playing of his own music suggests that the 1952 Gieseking reading of the same work is at least as exciting, but does not, by choice, follow the composer's tempos, which sometimes are dangerous to obey blindly, especially from the printed page (Schumann's metronome, for example, was broken). Gieseking did, however, follow Debussy's tempo in the same work when he recorded it before the war and on his Angel LP made shortly before his death.

We also hear Granados making changes in his own piece on the roll, not in the least an isolated phenomenon with composer-performers. Through rolls, we hear Leschetizky, although we are more fortunate with his best pupils, including Paderewski, Friedman, Schnabel, and Moiseiwitsch, who all recorded electrically. In the ASCO offering, the very affected Leschetizky adds a curious variant to Chopin's D flat Nocturne. This roll's dynamic sphere is better regulated than usual, and the right hand sings, while the other remains on a lower level. He plays some wrong (rather than false) notes, which are harmonically "right" but were composed by Leschetizky, or perhaps somebody else—a habit which Moiseiwitsch undoubtedly inherited from his great teacher. De Pachmann's poor performance of the "Minute" Waltz has one little advantage which cannot be dimmed by the worst roll: he incorporated a small cadential addition of interest to those scholars who study mannerisms, and who can easily transfer the passage into musical notation for exact reference. For those interested in Chopin's disputable ornamentation (as executed by traditional pianists), piano rolls are an authoritative source of study, for they captured a few artists like Teresa Carreño, who studied with Chopin's pupil Mathias. We find many points supporting the preservation and study of rolls, if their nature is adequately identified, rather than concealed or evaded.

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Continued from page 23

reach no common conclusions. However, one subject comes up strongly: the Bomb. It has aroused in certain of these people not only a sense of anxiety but a critical wish for some arbitrary, definitive move to end the danger. Skeptically, anthropologist Margaret Mead warns that mankind may easily destroy itself, contrary to some popular assumptions, because it lacks an instinctive self-preserving system. Isidor I. Rabi, the physicist, argues gloomily that the idea of a nuclear hell is perhaps a deterrent to rational people—"but do rational people make war?" Reinhold Niebuhr, the theologian, calls for a world-wide sense of community that can extinguish war-provoking sentiment among nations.

An unexpected reward in these conversations is the opportunity they furnish to evaluate America by contrasting not merely the ideas that are so abundantly stacked up here, but the participants' verbal manners, degrees of frankness, and authentic intelligence. The margins of variation disclose more about the nature of this country than the totality of formal remarks recorded in the book. But for this, too, Mr. Brandon is responsible.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 26, 18, 14, 23, 22, 24, 11, 16, 2, 15, 5, 25, 19, 17, 6, 1, 7, 3, 12, 4, 13, 9, 10, 21, 8, 20.

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FIND 43°46' N. 69°19' W.; that speck is Monhegan's mile-and-a-half of cliffs and forest, 650 acres of terrain ornithologically, botanically, pictorially, peacefully rewarding. THE ISLAND INN, Monhegan Island, Maine. June-September.

MEXICO. Jocotepec, Jalisco—at Lake Chapala. HOTEL LA QUINTA. Relaxed living, spotless rooms, private bath. Home cooking. Modest rates—special rates schools, groups. Write.

STONEHOUSE INN, North Thetford, Vermont. Low Sodium Dieters live Royally.

TRAVEL

EGYPT, LUXOR, THEBES, Karnak, Cairo, Lebanon, Beirut, Byblos, Dog River, Baalbek, Syria, Damascus, Jordan, Jerash, Amman, Mount Nebo, River Jordon, Dead Sea, Jerusalem, Bethany, Bethlehem, Samaria, Israel, Galilee, Nazareth, Haifa, plus Italy and Greece with optional Greek Isle Aegean Sea Cruise or Istanbul visit are included on THE MIDDLE EAST TOUR. This and 20 other imaginative off-the-beaten-trail adventures to seldom-seen lands are illustrated in new, 56-page Maupintour travel book. Ask your Travel Agent for your free copy or write Maupintour, 400 Madison Avenue, New York City. No obligation.

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COLLEGE CREDIT TOUR combines European travel fun with student life at University of Vienna. University Travel, Cambridge 38, Massachusetts.

TRAVEL

"MEDITERRANEAN HOLIDAY" CRUISES offer the tri of a lifetime at an amazing price! Elegant Italia Line steamers, Augustus, Saturnia, Vulcania featur unexcelled cuisine and service, thrilling ports o call, plus glamorous stay ashore in Italy. 35 to 4 days, from $595 each for room with bath. Monthl departures. Write for brochure to Columbia Tours Inc, 590 Fifth Avenue, New York 36.

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EUROPE. Summer tours: 47-61 days in Europe, 14-1 countries, $1,245 to $1,498. For complete informa tion, write directly: Prof. L. Knecht, KNIGHT TOUR (S-R), Box 350, Northfield, Minnesota.

THIS TIME REALLY SEE FRANCE—42 Day Art-Cultur Tour In Depth. Leave New York July 25th by air t Paris and thence to every section of France. Al the great treasures—Louvre to Bayeux Tapestry t Mont-Saint-Michel and on until you know all France Your guides—Paul H. Reno, art department, Univer sity of Miami (Florida) and Doris Reno, art-musi editor, Miami Herald. Write either for complet details.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1409

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS

A. Special hammer for breaking stone.

B. Count of Paris who reigned as King of France, 888-98.

C. A rumpus (comp.).

D. Any area conceived of as roughly circular within prescribed limits.

E. Modern mild reproof which recalls the nickname of an ancient youthful king (comp.).

F. Excellent, peaceful queen of same family as king in Word E, but of an earlier day.

G. Tenth-cent. English king nicknamed "the Fair".

H. A dolt.

I. A leader of the Sepoy Mutiny, who promised safety and then broke his word, massacring many English; driven into the jungle and never heard of again (2 wds.).

J. Where the wicked elders surprised Susanna, in the Apocrypha (3 wds.).

K. Followed by hyphen and Word L, wandering cavaliers of old times.

L. See Word K.

M. Opening two words of Act II, "Midsummer Night's Dream": Puck's greeting to a "spirit".

WORDS

3 151 182 41 161

52 19 102 165 28

177 127 94 33 47 85 18 133

145 6 175 96 22 110

44 8 65 124 90 62

40 14 178 92 111 35 170 36 159 149

172 51 143 38

60 95 46 130 167 86 125 139 4 123

148 80 122 163 113 48 129 73 160

31 117 141 98 59 70 26 156 99

146 74 112 138 115 10 132

168 49 23 154 101 114

72 21 179 15 169 108

DEFINITIONS

N. Correctly.

O. Hindu poet of 75,000 verses (2 wds.; 1483-1563).

P. Keats' word for the nightingale's song.

Q. Marine who accompanied Captain Cook on his final voyage and then published an account of it, 1783.

R. Browning wrote a poem to a lost one.

S. Island of Brit. West Indies, discovered by Columbus, 1498.

T. Vague region to which Anaxagoras said the approach was the same from any place.

U. Small aperture to peep through.

V. Dixie's emphatic admonition (2 wds.).

W. One place where a doctor is often asked for (3 wds.).

X. Feature meant by the Greek combining prefix "rhino".

Y. Able to live in great differences of temperature.

Z. Visceral.

WORDS

166 42 109 89 45 128

78 135 164 57 37 93

83 174 106 67 29 119

171 91 7 20 87 54 137

181 50 105 75 176 152

140 142 79 100 24 147

76 1 16 71 39

43 17 183 104 58 25 68

9 12 158 82 116 103 121 120

77 61 66 55 153 13 144 64 2 180

5 134 27 162

126 173 157 88 11 150 56 131 69 53 136

30 63 155 118 32 97 34 84 107 81

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

				1 T	2 W	3 A		4 H	5 X		6 D	7 [illegible]	8 E	9 V	10 K				
11 Y	12 V		13 W	14 F	15 M	16 T		17 U	18 C	19 B		20 [illegible]	21 M	22 D	23 L				
24 S	25 U	26 J	27 X	28 B	29 P	30 Z		31 J	32 Z	33 C		34 Z	35 F		36 F	37 O			
38 G	39 T		40 F	41 A	42 N	43 U		44 E	45 N	46 H	47 C		48 I	49 L	50 R				
51 G	52 B	53 Y	54 Q		55 W	56 Y		57 O	58 U	59 J	60 H	61 W	62 E		63 Z	64 W			
65 E		66 W	67 P	68 U	69 Y		70 J	71 T	72 M	73 I	74 K	75 R		76 T	77 W	78 O			
	79 S	80 I	81 Z	82 V		83 P	84 Z	85 C		86 H	87 Q	88 Y		89 N	90 E	91 [illegible]			
92 F	93 O		94 C	95 H	96 D	97 Z	98 J		99 J	100 S	101 L	102 B		103 V	104 U	105 R			
106 P		107 Z		108 M	109 N	110 D	111 F		112 K	113 I		114 L	115 K	116 V	117 J				
118 Z	119 P	120 V		121 V	122 I	123 H		124 E	125 H	126 Y		127 C	128 N	129 I	130 H	131 Y			
132 K		133 C	134 X	135 O	136 Y	137 Q		138 K	139 H	140 S		141 J	142 S		143 G	144 W			
145 D	146 K		147 S	148 I		149 F	150 Y	151 A		152 R	153 W	154 L	155 Z		156 J	157 Y			
158 V	159 F	160 I	161 A	162 X		163 I	164 O	165 B	166 N		167 H	168 L	169 M	170 F	171 Q	172 G			
	173 Y	174 P	175 D	176 R	177 C		178 F	179 M	180 W	181 R	182 A	183 U							

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 12 of this issue.

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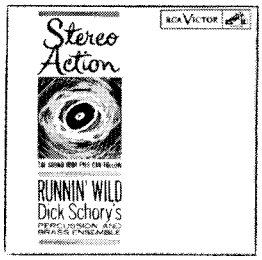

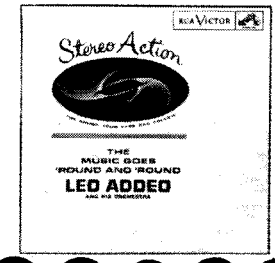

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